

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 895

Week Ending
MAY 16, 1936

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Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d

THE END IS NOT YET

MUSSOLINI OR THE LEAGUE?

THE SPIRIT THAT MUST PREVAIL

Grave Question Before the League of Nations

THE END NOT YET

Many people have been thinking this week of the story of the King of Italy and his handkerchief.

It will be remembered that he dropped the handkerchief at the signing of a treaty and Signor Mussolini asked if he could keep it as a souvenir. The king thought not, for it was the only thing Mussolini had left him to put his nose into!

Last Saturday night Mussolini made amends, for in five minutes he made the king an emperor. Amid wild delirium in the streets of Rome the Italian Dictator declared that all Abyssinia was Italian and that the King of Italy was its Emperor.

Far-Reaching Consequences

The news of this astounding claim shocked all the capitals of Europe and its consequences cannot be foreseen as we go to press. That they will be far-reaching there is no doubt, but that the new Emperor will maintain his title to the ancient empire is by no means certain.

In this dark hour for Abyssinia the attention of the world turns to the wider and deeper questions involved in the ruthless war on Africa's last independent kingdom.

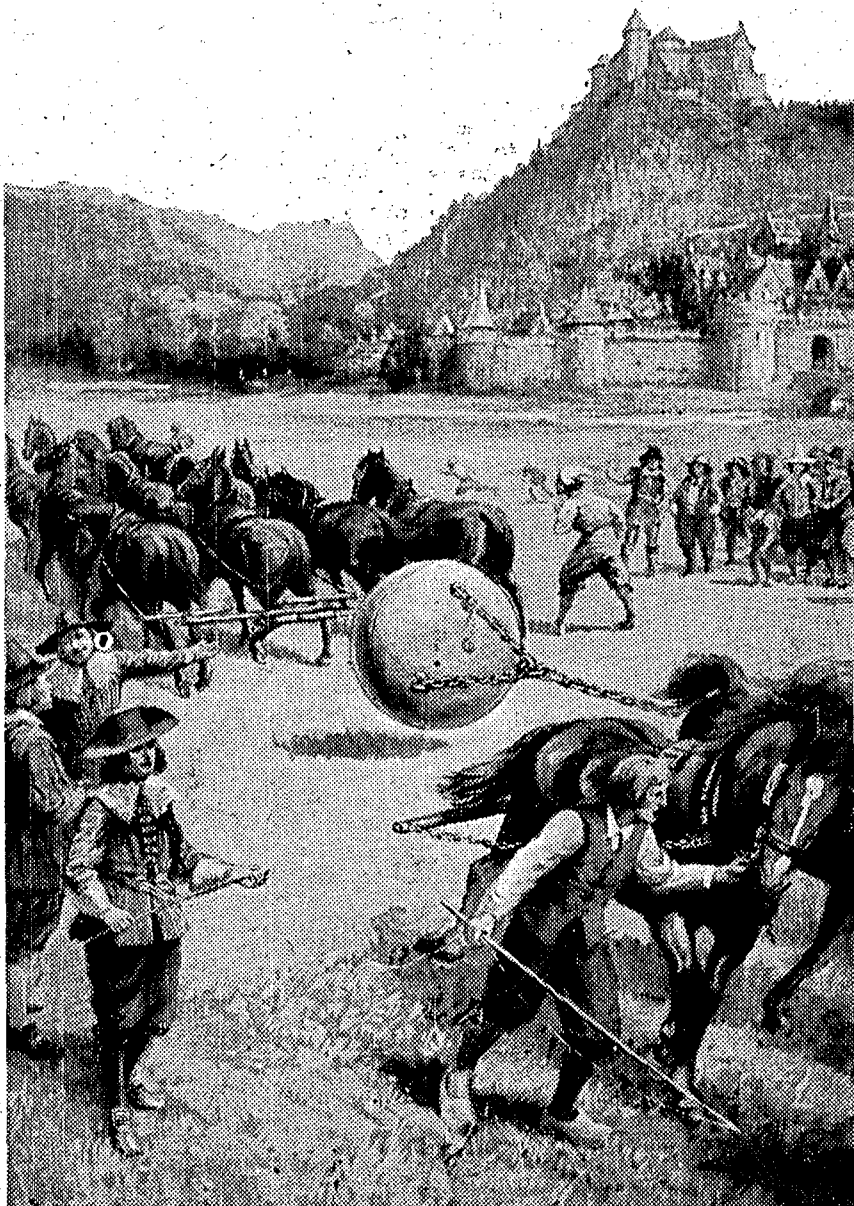
It was not only upon the Abyssinians that Signor Mussolini made his war, but upon Geneva and the whole spirit of the League of Nations. By means of poison gas, by dropping bombs on women, children, and wounded soldiers, he has made a wilderness in Abyssinia and called it peace. But the end is not yet. It remains to be seen what the effect will be of the determination to uphold the spirit of the Covenant against a member of the League who breaks it.

The Broken Word

These words are written before the meeting of the League Council this week. There can be no doubt that the League's resistance to Mussolini's war of slaughter and conquest must be carried on. It is not possible for the League to exist and to accept conquest by poison gas.

Many friends of Italy have been relieved to read a statement by the Italian Government that Signor Mussolini has no intention of recruiting a black army in Abyssinia. Signor Mussolini says so. But it was Signor Mussolini who said he would not use poison gas, who said he would not go to war with Abyssinia, who said he would settle all

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250 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

ONE of the queerest tugs-of-war which have ever taken place in history has been repeated this week to celebrate the 250th anniversary of the death of the scientist who planned it.

Fifteen horses a side did the pulling, and their efforts were designed to pull apart the two halves of a metal ball which contained—nothing. The scene of this celebration was the city of Magdeburg in Prussian Saxony, where Otto von Guericke was born in 1602.

Having studied law at Leipzig and mechanics at Leyden, Otto returned home to become an alderman at 25, and mayor 20 years later. Devoting his leisure hours to science he specialised in pneumatics, and, following up the work of Galileo and Torricelli in Florence, he tried to create a vacuum. He fitted a globe of copper with a pump and stopcock, when he found that he could exhaust from it both air and water. He had made the first air-pump. This invention enabled him to settle the vexed problem of the weight of the atmosphere and to prove Aristotle was wrong in saying that it had no weight.

Guericke proved how powerful was the pressure of the atmosphere by the experiment shown in the picture. To witness it the Emperor Ferdinand and a big crowd assembled at Regensburg in 1654. Taking two copper hemispheres, with edges fitting together to form a globe, he emptied the globe of air by means of his air-pump. Chains had been fixed to the sides of the globe, and it was only by the power of 30 horses that the pressure (or weight) of the atmosphere could be overcome and the halves parted.

Once more fitting the halves together, and pumping out the air, he asked two men to pull. He then turned a tiny tap on the globe and let in air. Immediately the halves fell apart.

Guericke also predicted the appearance of comets and played with electricity, making a sulphur ball glow and attract and repel objects.

He died at Hamburg, having opened two new roads in science. Along one of them Robert Boyle found the Law of Gases, and along the other Stephen Gray discovered the electric current.

THE JUBILEE TRUST SHILLING

A COUNTRYSIDE IDEA

Keeping Green the Memory of King George

SEEING A GREAT HOUSE

The CN wishes to present the Jubilee Trust with an idea which it believes would produce for it a handsome income every year.

There is none of us who would not like to add to the income of this splendid Trust in memory of King George, for its interest is the welfare of youth, the most important cause any movement can have at heart.

The response to the appeal for the Jubilee Trust has been gratifying, but in the natural course of things it must happen that the contributions to such a movement end, and it is well when some plan can be devised for providing an income in perpetuity.

The Stamp on the Gate

We propose that all the fine houses in the country be asked to put a Jubilee Trust Stamp on their gates to indicate that anyone passing by may walk round the grounds on paying a shilling at the lodge, and that all these shillings shall go to the Jubilee Trust.

It is one of the happiest features of our countryside that often it is possible to look round such grounds by merely asking for permission. Every day thousands of motorists and ramblers pass some great house, stop for a moment to peep at it, and go on their way wishing they might have a more intimate glimpse. Usually they hesitate to ask permission, but the Jubilee Stamp on the gate, informing them that they can satisfy their longing and help King George's Fund at the same time, would give immense pleasure to a great multitude of people and yield a considerable income.

Income and Delight

We do not suggest that the Jubilee Trust should ask for anything that would make much demand on our country houses—such as a visit to the house itself; but a walk round the grounds would be no great demand on our country houses, and the charge of a shilling would protect them from abuse. We do not suggest, either, that there should be any clashing with the excellent scheme of opening gardens for the aid of the Queen's Nurses. Such opening of gardens takes place at particular times, once or twice a year for a house. Our proposal is applicable to every house on every day, and exceptions could be made to it on those occasions when the gardens are open for the Nurses Fund.

The CN presents the idea to the Jubilee Trust believing it would be a source of considerable income to it and a source of delight to the travelling public.

ONE MORE TRAGEDY

WHILE PARLIAMENT WAITS

Why Not Sanctions Against Celluloid?

LET US ALL APPLY THEM

The death toll of celluloid goes on while the Home Secretary assures us that nothing can be done about it, nothing, that is to say, without legislation.

Then legislate, say the MPs, whom we rejoice to see are at last rising in defence of all the children who are given inflammable toys to play with and all the people who are sold cheap combs, shoe-heels, eye-shades, spectacles, and other things needing only a spark or the heat of fire or sun to make them flare up and cause injury or death.

Two sisters who have lately taken a flat at Peckham write to tell us that two weeks after they had arranged with a newsagent for their CN to be delivered they heard that he was dead. *He was wearing a celluloid shirt front when it suddenly flared up, and he was burned to death before anyone could help him.*

While the Home Secretary is making up his mind whether to legislate against this peril, as firearms, poisons, and similar deadly perils are legislated against, we beg CN readers at least to apply sanctions and refuse to buy such things, so that it may no longer be worth while to make them.

We do not know of any wrong so shameful in this country as the persistent refusal of Parliament to deal with this bitter thing. Write to the Home Secretary about it, and to your MP

THE SEVEN SNAKES

A Little Excitement in Montreal

For several anxious hours seven snakes were in charge of a hotel in Montreal.

They had arrived in the luggage of Mr Edward Smith, a snake expert. Then one got out and bit him. His arm had to be amputated in order to save his life, and after the flurry someone thought of counting the snakes in the cage. There should have been 12; there were five.

As nobody knew where the missing seven might be lurking, and as all were poisonous, it was a terrible situation.

The hotel was closed. Chemists were preparing to attack the hotel with poison gas when Miss Florence Zoda, a snake charmer, arrived in haste. The snakes seem to have been perfect gentlemen; they did not dream of attacking a lady, and she captured them all in a comparatively short time.

But we do not think snakes will ever again be allowed in the luggage of visitors to any Montreal hotel.

HE FOLLOWED LIVINGSTONE

Remember with especial kindness the Rev Picton-Jones, who has died near Bristol, aged 76.

He was a missionary who followed close in Livingstone's footsteps. That is enough to make us certain that he was good and gallant; but he was something else—he was a lover of fun and of little children. So he will be remembered as the man who translated Aesop's Fables and several children's books for the small people of Africa.

Mr Picton-Jones also made translations from the Bible, and his first work was to teach Africa the message of Nazareth. But he knew that little children need laughter as well as sermons, and so he brought a little more sunshine to sunny Africa.

THE PEACE PLAN

Clearing the Way To Talk It Over

Mr Anthony Eden has sent an important series of questions to Herr Hitler, and on the answers to them will depend the smoothing or roughening of the way to the great conference which is to consider the German and French Peace Plans for Europe.

The point of the questions is to discover whether Germany feels now that she can enter into genuine treaties from which she may not wish to withdraw; whether she feels that a point has been reached at which all further changes can come by agreement; whether she is willing to bring Russia, Latvia, and Estonia into her peace pacts; whether she will enter into a Western Air Pact and agree to limit air forces; and exactly what she means by her desire to "separate the Peace Treaty of Versailles from the League of Nations."

LIVING ANIMALS DROPPED BY PARACHUTE

The Cruelty of the War

The wild tribesmen of the Danakil Desert in Abyssinia have had a distant view of what must have been one of the weirdest sights ever seen there.

Two bellowing oxen and 72 struggling goats were dropped by parachutes from aeroplanes into the camp of the invading Italian force. The day temperature makes it impossible to transport meat there, so that the food problem was solved by carrying live animals to the troops by aeroplane, fastening them to parachutes, and dropping them over the Italian troops.

Such cruelty to animals has this cruel war brought in its train.

LOST BALL

An historic old cricket ball has just come to rest in the museum of Wisden's, the makers. Cricketers looking at it will say, "I know that cricket ball. It comes from Sheffield."

It was at Sheffield when Verity, the Yorkshire bowler, was sending up his slows to H. B. Cameron, the best hitter of the victorious South African eleven. Cameron hit it out of the ground for 6, and it was never seen from that day till about a week ago. Then it was discovered plugging a rainwater spout in the Sheffield pavilion.

It was the fifth ball of an over adding 30 to the South African score. The other hits were two more 6's and three 4's. At the end of the over Wood, the Yorkshire wicket-keeper, said to Verity as they crossed over, "Don't worry, lad. You've got him in two minds. He doesn't know whether to hit you for a 4 or a 6."

MUSSOLINI OR THE LEAGUE?

Continued from page 1

disputes by peaceful means. Who is to believe a broken word?

Once again for a while might has triumphed over right, and Rome has seen its jubilant people marching through its streets. But little do they know of all the bitterness that has come into the hearts of the world with this cruel war upon a defenceless people.

It is in this unhappy atmosphere that the League has now to renew its strength, to look ahead, and to make itself secure as the Peace-Keeper of the world. The League will not give way because a new Napoleon struts across the troubled scene; it will look backward and forward, put right what is wrong, and increase its opportunities of preserving peace and goodwill. Once more the world has seen that it is hard to stop a war that has begun; the League will now make it its business to stop the beginning of a war. It has learned its lesson and will profit by it.

THE EMPEROR IN THE

SHADOWS

And the Conqueror in the Roman Limelight

We take this from a leading article in The Times on Haile Selassie.

From the crisis precipitated by an act of aggression as black as any in the history of the world the Emperor emerges as a man not only wise and brave but great.

For months he restrained impetuous Rases from hurling back the invader's advance guard, before Mussolini had made his dishonourable intentions clear beyond all question. Disillusionment and defeat awaited him—disillusionment at the hands of tangled, perplexed, and collectively ineffectual Europe; defeat at the hands of an enemy immeasurably better equipped and ruthless to a point beyond barbarity. Gas, in the foulest forms which the ingenuity of man has yet been able to devise, was employed as much against women and children as against the ragged black soldiery; the Red Cross was bombed repeatedly and deliberately.

Calm Dignity

The Emperor still kept his head. His diplomatic utterances retained that calm dignity which had distinguished them from the first; and when his country's cause seemed doomed, instead of seeking a place of safety he went north to join his armies at the front.

The Emperor has served his country with heroic devotion; the strain of his responsibilities has been enormous. Now that those responsibilities no longer, in effect, exist, none will blame him for leaving Abyssinia.

The world today sees in the Emperor—frail but indomitable, firing a machine-gun while the bombs dropped round him in the heat of the day—a worthier representative of humanity than his conqueror, mouthing self-praise in the Roman limelight.

BEATRICE HARRADEN

Lady Charity and Her Famous Book

At parties she would take the keenest interest in the dullest person present.

How well that sentence, written of Beatrice Harraden by a friend, conveys the charity of her nature!

Most people remember her as the author of a famous novel, Ships That Pass in the Night. One publisher refused it, another bought it outright for a tiny sum, and then it made a fortune—but not for the author.

Neither this nor ill-health could embitter Beatrice Harraden. Her friends know (as the public did not) of her lifelong work for good causes, her universal kindness, her love of all beautiful things. She was granted a Civil List pension of £100 in 1930, and now she has died, aged 72.

Ships That Pass in the Night was translated into every European language. There must be many strangers all over the world who will grieve for her passing.

THE ELEVEN NEEDLES IN THE RUBBISH HEAP

Twelve radium needles, worth about £700, were thrown away by mistake at Edinburgh Royal Infirmary.

By the time the loss was discovered the rubbish from the hospital had been passed through the incinerator and removed to some refuse dumps.

An expert with an instrument sensitive to radium searched for five hours through tons of rubbish and eventually found eleven of the precious needles.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

Don Manuel Azana, the Republican Prime Minister, has been elected President of Spain by an overwhelming majority. Senor Barcia, the Foreign Minister, has succeeded him as Prime Minister.

The Road programme for five years provides for 850 miles of dual carriage ways and 500 miles of cycle tracks.

Nearly 1000 Boy Brigaders gave displays at the Albert Hall the other night, some playing football on stilts.

Scotland's first coke-oven plant has been set in motion at Govan ironworks in Glasgow. It cost £250,000 and will produce 182,000 tons of coke a year and 10,000,000 cubic feet of gas daily.

The Government of South Africa is making plans for a strong air force which will be able to carry an anti-tank battalion 500 miles in 48 hours. In five years 1000 pilots will be trained.

More than 4600 schools in England and Wales listen regularly to the B B C school broadcasts.

At Botley Station in Hampshire a sparrow has built her nest inside an electric bell which rings every time a train comes in.

Two black princesses, the daughters of the King of Uganda, have joined the Girl Guides.

A Hall of Youth for the boys and girls of East London has been opened in Barking Road, given by Miss H. M. Swift. The building cost £10,000 and is a dream come true.

All the time the Louvre in Paris is open the famous statue of the Venus of Milo is now to go round and round. It has been set on a revolving platform and is bathed in artificial daylight.

A MILLION DOLLARS SAVED FROM THE FLOODS

After the disastrous floods at Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts, the inhabitants wondered to see many hundreds of sheets of paper hung up on lines to dry and clipped with clothes-pegs.

The papers were found to be bonds and other securities which had been saved from the floods and were being dried.

THINGS SAID IN THE ROAD WAR

Don't drive the car any more; don't drive any car. A coroner to a driver

This type of car is made so that if you pull it up sharply it will go over.

A driver explaining at an inquest why he went 40 yards before stopping

THINGS SAID

Every day since I was appointed to my dismal and unfortunate office there have been 450 new vehicles on the roads.

Mr Hore-Belisha

America is 50 years behind Britain in housing.

Mr Herbert Morrison

You may as well read the Ten Commandments to a tiger as talk to Mussolini.

Lord Snowden

Many of the heroes on Victorian pedestals have had to come down.

Mr Isaac Foot

No more grants will be made for libraries and playing fields.

The Carnegie Trust

In two years all London's buses will be running on oil.

Mr Mackenzie Junner

For half a century the Boys Brigade has had a very fine place in national life.

The Minister of Labour

It is clear that Germany is losing all claim to be regarded as a civilised nation.

Bishop of Liverpool

The reform chiefly needed by the League is that the nations in it should honour their signatures.

Mrs J. H. Pawlyn

A New Film of Shakespeare's As You Like It



Laurence Olivier as Orlando and Elizabeth Bergner as Rosalind



Celia, daughter of Duke Frederick, and her cousin Rosalind



Duke Frederick banishes Oliver, a son of Sir Rowland de Boys



"No Jewel is like Rosalind"

A film which is awaited with keen interest is the Twentieth Century-Fox production of Shakespeare's As You Like It, which has just been completed at Elstree

ON THE WINGS OF ADVENTURE

QUICKEST JOURNEY YET TO THE CAPE

The Remarkable Story of a
Romantic Flight
MARVELLOUS MRS MOLLISON

All the world is talking of Amy Mollison again: where will she be when these words are read?

Perhaps at home again; in any case, has there ever been a greater wonder in flying than her great Cape flights?

Last Thursday night, the BBC announcer said to Great Britain, "Amy Mollison has arrived at the Cape."

He added after a second's pause that as she landed the BBC picked up Africa; and then we heard the voice of the Announcer at the Cape aerodrome: "Here she comes! Coming down. Eighty feet, 60 feet, 20 feet. She's down! Amy Mollison is in Capetown."

One more switch, and then her own voice was relayed as the gramophone had caught it, piping clear.

Risk and Adventure

That was the miracle of science at which we can never cease to wonder. But Amy Mollison is the other miracle of the age.

Risk and adventure went hand in hand with her on her flight to the Cape. Six hops in 78 hours would be her summary of it. But there were some breathless chapters in the story which began at 9 o'clock in the morning of the Monday before. She took off from Gravesend and hopped straight to Oran in North Africa. That was easy, a flight of eight hours for 1100 miles.

Then the real adventure began, an hour's delay there waiting for a weather report, so that she started when the tropical sun had set, and the Sahara was in front of her. She flew it blind with only her instruments to guide her.

The Camp-Fire Flame

She was making for Goa, and the moon had set before she reached it. For an hour she circled over the red flame of a camp fire trying to find her bearings in the blackness and unable to land. Dawn came at last to release her; she saw the sparkle of the River Niger below, and could guide her plane to the aerodrome at Niamey. She stopped about a couple of hours there, and then on again in the morning light.

Kotenu was her next port of call, and delay harassed her there. But, arriving in the afternoon, she decided that she would wait till night before pushing on. As she took off from the soft broken ground of the aerodrome. Her machine spun round, and she righted it only just before it hit a mound of sand. Then, when 500 feet up, the engine sputtered out. One petrol tank was empty.

The Last Lap

She turned the cock of the second tank. The engine picked up and stopped again. The cock of the first tank had not been closed. That was put right while still up in the air. Her fears were not for her life and limbs, but for her record.

Would it be lost when she had got so far? It was not. Four hours more took her to Mossamedes, 4500 miles on the way. A stop of five minutes, then six hours flight to Windhoek, 5500 miles, and only 800 more to go.

Her fortune held as steadily as her courage on the last lap. Leaving Windhoek in the morning, she arrived at Capetown at 3.30 in the afternoon. Journey's end, 6300 miles. Time 3 days 6 hours 25 minutes, beating the record set up in February by Flight-Lieutenant Rose by 11 hours 12 minutes. Her delays increased the length of the flight by about 300 miles, her speed averaged 125 miles an hour.

There ended another chapter of Mrs Mollison's life in the air. It is not the

FOUR HEROES

Lost in Abyssinia

MEN OF MERCY IN A RUTHLESS WAR

There must be thousands of Abyssinians homeless and threatened with starvation; thousands are dead who might be living; and a ghastly number of wounded must be wishing themselves dead, many of them skinned or blinded by Mussolini's mustard gas.

Three Red Cross leaders were killed by bombs dropped from Italian aeroplanes: Dr Lundstrom when his Swedish hospital near Dolo was attacked; the American Dr Hockman by an Italian bomb he dug up near his hospital; and Major Burgoyne, an Englishman, when his Red Cross cars were bombed.

The fourth, another Englishman, not only had his outfit bombed in transit, but his Red Cross at Quoram drew 40 of the Italian airmen's bombs, five of his patients being killed and several seriously wounded.

Shot By a Rioter

But in the end Dr Melly died in the British Legation a few hours after the Italians entered Addis Ababa, shot through the lung by a drunken rioter as he stopped to pick up a wounded man in those streets from which all law and order had been driven by the approach of Mussolini's civilising forces.

Had there been no war Dr Melly, with the encouragement of the Emperor, would now be carrying out his scheme of founding a hospital and a medical school in Abyssinia. It was to arrange for this that he went out there in 1934, after having attained high professional honours at Bart's and as instructor in surgery at Michigan University Hospital.

But the threat of war turned the project of a medical school into a Red Cross service, with Dr Melly at the head of it.

Only 37, his only desire was to relieve human suffering.

It is something to console us, as we think of Mussolini's poison-gas men, to remember these four Red Cross men who died in resisting the foulest war yet made by any of our modern dictators.

15 MEN FROM CORK

All Very Brave Fellows

Fifteen men from Ballycotton, county Cork, came to London the other day, and were warmly cheered.

They had come to receive from the Duke of Kent medals for one of the most daring rescues in the history of the lifeboat service. Their coxswain, Patrick Sliney, received the gold medal, the V C of the Lifeboat Institution, which is only given for conspicuous gallantry.

The Ballycotton men were on service for 63 hours with only three hours rest when they rescued the crew of the Daunt Rock Light which had broken adrift in a hurricane.

They had a great reception in London.

"But," the Duke of York said, "I think that these 15 men would be the first to say that they themselves are not exceptional. I do not doubt that you could go round the coast and pick another 15 men, and yet another, all capable of showing the same bravery and resolution."

The largest number of medallists ever seen at a lifeboat meeting were gathered this year, for the storms of the past winter have been exceptionally severe.

Continued from the previous column

last, for while this was being written Mrs Mollison was flying home along the African east coast route, instead of by the west coast, which took her to the Cape. She hopes to go on a flight with her husband round the world. That will be a great adventure. It is to be no ordinary round-the-world flight. Instead of the shortest route they will take the longest, flying round the Equator. Every ocean will be crossed except the Arctic, and they hope to complete the 24,000 miles in three weeks.

WONDERFUL

CANALS

Moscow as a Seaport

THE VOLGA TO FLOW BACKWARD

So little we know of our world that great engineering feats in places abroad are planned and executed without our becoming aware of them.

It is a pity the kinema is not more widely used to picture really great things of this kind.

Some 200,000 workmen are now creating a mighty canal, 80 miles long, to join the Volga with the Moscow River, and thus make Moscow, an interior town, in effect a seaport.

A Mighty Undertaking

The Russians call it causing a great river to flow backward. From time immemorial the waters of the Volga have flowed to the Caspian Sea; after 1937 Volga water will reach Moscow by the new canal.

The cost will be not less than £100,000,000, for millions of tons of concrete have to be poured out, bridges and locks built, and great dams constructed. There are to be hydro-electrical works to give cheap current, and Moscow's water supply will be improved.

The scale of the work may be imagined when we say that 100 locomotives, 150 machine excavators, 5000 motor-lorries, and 14,000 horses will aid the 200,000 workmen.

One of our papers speaks of a Russian endeavour to raise the population to 300 millions by 1970, but that is already assured, for Russia is gaining the addition of a population as great as that of Scotland every year! For such a people big-scale work is essential, but do we realise what it all means?

But this is not all.

The Volga and the Don

Before many years have passed the boatmen of the Volga will be singing their famous song on the River Don.

These two rivers come very close to each other some 200 miles from their outlets into the Caspian Sea and the Sea of Azov, and a canal is to be cut to unite them. The effect will be that the White Sea on the north will be linked with the Black Sea on the south of Russia, and that the produce of that vast country will have an outlet to the rest of the world even though the Baltic is blockaded.

A boat will be able to travel from Murmansk on the White Sea through the new Stalin Canal to Leningrad, where it will join the Marinsky canal system leading to the upper reaches of the Volga. When this boat reaches Stalingrad on that river it will enter the new canal and pass into the Don, which flows into the Sea of Azov below Rostov.

A New Ship Canal

This Don-Volga canal will also provide a waterway between the Caspian Sea and the Sea of Azov, but the route will be too long for the ambitious Russians, who are preparing an even bigger scheme—a direct ship canal between the Caspian and the Don at Rostov.

Two rivers lie ready for use here, the Manich (which joins the Don as a tributary at Rostov) and the Kuma (which flows into the Caspian 100 miles south of the delta of the Volga). The Manich and the Kuma are less than 50 miles apart at one point.

Much of the land in the valley of the Manich is parched, and work has been already begun on the building of dams on the river in order to store its water for irrigation purposes.

When adapting the river the engineers will make it deep enough for ships, and will then cut the link between its upper waters and the Kuma. It is estimated that the ship canal thus formed will carry 20,000,000 tons of cargo a year.

Not all this cargo will be Russian, for it must not be forgotten that Persia has

THE SAHARA TRAIN

POSSIBLE ROUTE
SURVEYED

Bringing France and Belgium
Within a Week of the Congo

A CLAPHAM JUNCTION OF AFRICA

There is a good prospect that before many years have passed the Sahara will be crossed by electric trains.

A railway from the Mediterranean to Timbuctoo has long held the imagination of Frenchmen; and now, after seven years of research in the Sahara, a scientific mission has returned to France with the news that the engineering difficulties are not insurmountable.

Having surveyed 30,000 square miles the mission has selected a sure, steady trail on which the ground will not collapse under the weight of trains. The only thing necessary is to cover the route with a light bed of ballast. As the River Saoura flows only once in three years it is not likely to be a serious hindrance.

The Chief Problems

The chief problems to be overcome are of another character. They are heat, lack of water, and Touareg raiders. Electric traction will overcome the water difficulty, a tank for the requirements of the passengers and stock being attached to the train. To keep the carriages fresh and cool double walls will be fitted and a refrigerating system installed inside them; but during the nights, which are bitterly cold in the Sahara, a heating system will also have to be in operation.

The passengers will have nothing to fear from the tribesmen, even if the engine breaks down, for armed guards will accompany each train; and the coaches will be of metal and have doors which can be securely locked.

"But why," it may be asked, "is a train needed, seeing that cars already do this journey?"

The answer is that for the transport of merchandise over long distances the railway is still both quicker and cheaper. The best car takes seven days to cover the distance from Oran to Timbuctoo, but the train will do it in 50 hours. It now costs £50 to transport one ton of goods from the centre of Africa; by rail the cost should not exceed £1.

The Senegal-Dakar Railway

And this railway will not end at Timbuctoo, but will continue south-west to Segou, where it will join the railway which has been pushed out from Senegal and has its terminus at Dakar on Cape Verde; and south-east to cross the border of this vast central area and to link up with the railway which is gradually being laid from south to north of Dahomey, another important colony in French West Africa.

Such a railway suggests an even longer route, one that will extend farther to the south across Nigeria to the Cameroons and the French and Belgian Congolands, bringing them to within a week's journey by rail and Mediterranean steamer of their mother countries. See World Map

Continued from the previous column

a coastline of 300 miles on the south of the Caspian Sea. An Asiatic Riviera is being developed here, 300,000 tons of shipping are already being handled each year in its harbours, and modern roads have been made through the Elburz Mountains to the Persian interior.

Railways are being constructed, and it may be that before many years have passed they will be carried across Afghanistan to join India's great system. India will then have another trade route to Europe.

But the new ship canal will serve most that Central Asia which Russia herself is developing with such amazing speed and vigour. See World Map

THE WORLD'S GREAT PROJECTS

MOSCOW AS A SEAPORT
The Volga and Moskva Rivers are being linked by a canal 80 miles long which will make Moscow a seaport. See news columns.

THE ARCTIC SEA-ROUTE
Four Russian icebreakers and six ships are to attempt the Arctic sea-route to Vladivostok this summer. The passage is only open for about a month.

AMERICA-ASIA LINK
There is a project for building a great highway linking USA, Canada, and Alaska, and eventually a tunnel under Bering Strait to continue the road into Siberia.

CANADIAN GREAT NORTH ROAD
Canada's part of the proposed road from USA to Siberia would be a 1000-mile highway from Edmonton to Aklavik.

A SIAM CANAL
A canal across the Isthmus of Kra is suggested by Japan as a more direct way to the Indian Ocean than the Singapore route.

EUROPE-ASIA TUNNEL
The possibility of a tunnel under the Bosphorus at Istanbul is being studied. It would be a link in the great highway which will one day stretch from Calais to Calcutta. See news columns.

DESSERT ROADS
Egypt is making new roads across the Libyan and Sinai Deserts by mixing hot bitumen with the desert sand and rolling it. The Sinai road will link Cairo with Palestine.

PACIFIC HOTELS
A ship has been visiting the tiny islands of Midway, Wake, and Guam to land materials for the building of hotels for passengers on the American trans-Pacific airway to the Philippines. It is hoped that this year there will be another service to Auckland.

RIVAL TO PANAMA
Another canal as an alternative to Panama has been projected across Nicaragua. It would be 180 miles long. In 1914 USA made a treaty with Nicaragua to acquire in perpetuity the right to build such a canal.

FLORIDA CANAL
Though work has been started on the canal across Florida there is considerable opposition to it and its construction may be postponed.

EUROPE ACROSS EUROPE
Work is progressing on Europe's great international highway which will enable motorists to drive from Calais to Istanbul. See news columns.

ROAD ACROSS EUROPE
Work is progressing on Europe's great international highway which will enable motorists to drive from Calais to Istanbul. See news columns.

FLYING-BOATS TO SOUTH AFRICA
Imperial Airways officials are preparing facilities at seaports for next year's flying-boat service to South Africa. From Kisumu the planes will fly to Mombasa and then down the coast to Durban.

TWICE A WEEK TO AUSTRALIA
The airmail service between Brisbane and Singapore has been doubled. By connecting with the planes from London a twice-a-week service between England and Australia is now in operation. The through journey takes over 12 days, but it will soon be reduced to a week.

CANAL ACROSS MEXICO
An American engineer has prepared plans for a 140-mile canal across Mexico. Twelve locks would be required. Compared with the Panama route such a canal would save 1100 miles on a voyage from New York to San Francisco. It would cost about 100 million pounds.

PANAMA CANAL
The Panama Canal is shown as a key project connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

FLORIDA CANAL
The Florida Canal is shown as a proposed route across the state of Florida.

EUROPE ACROSS EUROPE
The Europe Across Europe project is shown as a route from Calais to Istanbul.

DESSERT ROADS
The Desert Roads project is shown as a route across the deserts of Egypt and the Sinai Peninsula.

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PACIFIC

Japan is now selling (in British markets) macintoshes at 3s 6d each and socks at 3s 6d a dozen pairs.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 16

1936

Poor Country Lane

AN hour from London is a country lane. It lies off the Folkestone road, and twenty years ago it was as quiet a lane as you would find in England.

It went winding round through fields and farms and orchards, with a house or two here and there, and at last, after about a mile of windings, it came to something like the very gate of heaven if you happened to be there in springtime. It was a marvellous cherry orchard, a spectacle as lovely as any you would see in Kent, with blossom full like fallen snow. You could walk under it as under a ceiling, under a roof of living beauty, up and down forty avenues of cherry trees. Just beyond it is another cherry orchard, and there must be in the two a thousand trees: a veritable wonder to behold and a miracle of delicate beauty with the sun shining down.

And then you walked on until you came to the other end of the lane, where it joined the road again, and here was an old farmhouse with the memory of a hundred springs and a hundred years of cherry blossom in it.

It is years since we went down the lane until the other day. On one of these glorious May Sundays we went to see the cherry blossom again. Here were the beautiful fields and the sun shining on them; but as the lane wound round there came a rattle and a boom—a dozen motor-cycles and a dozen cars, and suddenly a green field black with cars and cycles, so black that you could hardly see a blade of grass. Just beyond them was a motor-cycle track with cycles rattling round like maxim guns.

We leave it all in horror and follow the winding lane, and soon we are at the cherry orchard, still blooming as of old, a picture like a dream, silently wrought by Nature in the quiet of our countryside.

We stopped in our enchanted lane a little while and then went on to the old farmhouse. Alas, it is a ruin, the farm is no more, and round about it the trees have disappeared and in their place is a slum of huts and bungalows, as sad a sight as man can see.

Spring after spring has brought the wonder of the cherry orchard to the country lane, and now at last this gem of Nature has two of man's companions to keep it company; it stands between a Sunday Race Track and a Slum.

That is what has happened to a country lane an hour from London, a lovely winding lane which a thousand years have made and which a thousand weeks have turned into a howling wilderness.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



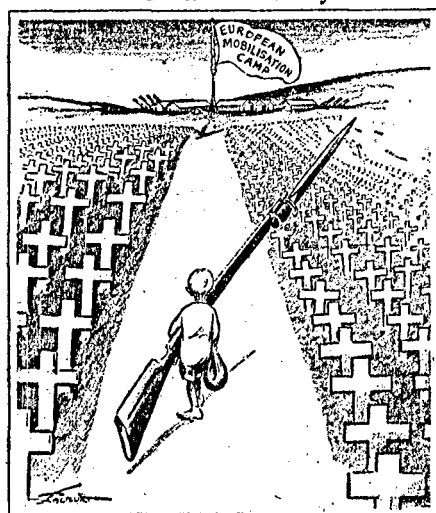
Heroes and Their Pedestals

THE Editor has been glad to see that his friend Mr Isaac Foot has followed him as the Shaftesbury lecturer.

Mr Foot is a little sad that the younger generation do not read Macaulay, Emerson, Ruskin, Browning, and Tennyson, and a little more sad to find that more is being written about Charles the Second than about the great men of the Commonwealth.

We think Mr Foot may console himself with the reflection that some books entertain us for a little while, but others belong to all time. His great hero Cromwell will endure when Charles the Second is forgotten.

The Path of Glory



Mussolini has taken the boys to war
The Chief Scout

The Old Order Changes

THE farms of Great Britain now employ 30,000 tractors.

So rapid has been the march of the machine in agriculture, even in our own land. The enlargement of fields is proceeding, and the face of the countryside is being transformed.

So the old order changes, and with the change beauty too often flies.

159 Years Ago

It is the nearest CN day to May 13, and we find it recorded that on May 13, 1777, Sir William Meredith, M.P., told this story in the House of Commons.

THERE lies at this moment in Newgate, under sentence to be burnt alive, a girl just turned fourteen.

At her master's bidding she hid some whitewashed farthings behind her stays, on which the jury has found her guilty, as an accomplice with her master in the treason. The master was hanged last Wednesday; and the faggots all lay ready—no reprieve came till just as the cart was setting out, and the girl would have been burnt alive on the same day had it not been for the humane but casual interference of Lord Weymouth.

Sir, are we taught to execrate the incendiary fires of Smithfield, while we are lighting them now to burn a harmless child for hiding a white-washed farthing?

Nations and Children

IT seems only a few years ago that it was first proposed in our Parliament to tax unmarried men at a higher rate than men with families.

Now the principle is universally acclaimed, and our Chancellor has arranged that, while the standard rate of Income Tax is raised by 3d, the family man pays not more but less.

This should save any man of small means from believing he cannot support a family because he is overtaxed.

Unless more children are supported the nation must fail. It is useless to talk of defending a nation if the nation is to defeat itself. Of what avail is it to spend hundreds of millions on defence if the nation is to fall for want of children?

A Word From Shakespeare

To the Fallen Emperor

Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.

Richard the Second

Tip-Cat

TAXI-DRIVERS must learn how to treat people. But they don't give them free rides.

LOUD-VOICED people are usually sociable.
Like to call on their friends.

THERE are two sides to everything,
declares a speaker. What about the sea front?

MOST of us collect something. If only ourselves.

SNOBS like to keep in with rich people.
And be seen out with them.

Peter Puck
Wants To
Know

If Harrow boys
are ploughed
in their exams



AUTOGRAPH hunters collect autographs on any old scraps of paper. We prefer to get them on cheques.

SCHOOLCHILDREN are to be taught chess. But they should be kept away from draughts.

THE BROADCASTER

POPPY DAY has raised £6,000,000 since it began.

THE PILGRIM TRUST has given 1000 guineas for Tewkesbury Abbey.

DAME CLARA BUTT left £3000 for music scholarships.

JUST AN IDEA

Perhaps it is true that a good deal of this world's trouble comes from wanting to hurry up things before they are ready to happen.

Wordsworth Sees a Sparrow's Nest

Perhaps we may not agree with Wordsworth, but he wrote of this poem on a sparrow's nest in his garden that it was "a song that will not die." Perhaps there may be at this moment another sparrow nesting in Wordsworth's Garden, as there are daffodils blooming in Dora's Field.

BEHOLD, within the leafy shade,
Those bright blue eggs together laid!

On me, the chance-discovered sight
Gleamed like a vision of delight.

I started—seeming to espy
The home and sheltered bed,
The sparrow's dwelling which,
hard by
My father's house, in wet or dry,
My sister Emmeline and I
Together visited.

SHE looked at it and seemed to
fear it;
Dreading, though wishing, to be
near it:

Such heart was in her, being then
A little prattler among men.

The Blessing of my later years
Was with me when a boy:

She gave me eyes, she gave me
ears;

And humble cares, and delicate
fears;

A heart, the fountain of sweet
tears;

And love, and thought, and joy.

Pudding Philosophy

THAT is a delicious sentence we read the other day defending the new furniture artists whose rooms are so excellently suited for nightmare plays.

Certain things have to be conceded to these experts, we are told. "If we travel by car or tube or plane, if we live in glass and concrete, move in a world where speed and space, light and precision, are elements of importance, we must expect an art arising out of this."

We have consulted our friend Peter Puck on the subject, and he puts it in this way.

If you eat treacle-roll and apple dumplings and wear tweed trousers and write with ink, you must expect an art arising out of this.

From all of which we gather that we may now look for treacle walls and inky furniture.

When the Enemy Comes in the Air

A correspondent of The Times has been saying that these verses from St Matthew are a perfect description of an air raid.

THEN let them which be in Judea
flee into the mountains:

Let him which is on the housetop not come down to take anything out of his house: Neither let him which is in the field return back to take his clothes.

But pray ye that your flight be not in the winter, neither on the sabbath day; for then shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be.

THE EMPEROR GOES TO JERUSALEM

City of Age-Old Dreams THE RULER OF ABYSSINIA WHO LONGED TO SEE IT

There is something pathetic in the thought that the fallen Emperor should desire to go to Jerusalem, the heaven of our dreams, the desire of our pilgrims, the goal of our Crusaders.

*Jerusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?*

*Thy ways are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
Thy gates are of rich orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.*

*Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine,
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine.*

*Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows crystal-clear,
Thy tiles are made of beaten gold:
O God, that I were there!*

*Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!*

Jerusalem has been the city of desire for many kings and queens and nobles, as well as for tens of thousands of humble pilgrims from all Christian countries who made the long and hazardous journey there. To redeem it from pagan bondage was the aim of the Crusades; to worship in its holy places was the loftiest wish of all grades of society, generation after generation; the reward of a holy life.

There was an ancestor of the Abyssinian Emperor who would have counted her kingdom well lost for a visit to Jerusalem; she was the empress who befriended James Bruce, discoverer of the source of the Blue Nile.

The Emperor's Wish

He was ill and worn, with his task still before him, and she pleaded with him to abandon it and rest in peace at her Court:

*See how every day furnishes us with
proofs of the perverseness of human nature.
You are come from Jerusalem, through
vile governments and unwholesome climates,
to see a river or a bog, and you even take it
ill when I discourage you from the pursuit of
your fancy, in which you are likely to perish.*

*I, on the other hand, mother of kings,
who have sat on the throne of this country
more than thirty years, have for my only
wish, night and day, that, after giving up
everything in the world, I could be conveyed
to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in
Jerusalem, and beg alms for my subsistence
all my life after if I could only be buried
at last in the street within sight of the gate
of that temple where our blessed Saviour
once lay!*

NELSON'S TUREEN

A silver sauce tureen was sold at auction the other day for £500, although its market value as old silver was about £10.

The extra £490 was the price of hero worship, for the tureen was presented to Nelson by Lloyd's after the Battle of Copenhagen.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Letter by Keats, 1818	£1600
Leaf of a Keats MS	£460
23 etchings by Muirhead Bone	£426
1st edition of Tom Jones, 1749	£390
Five James I apostle spoons	£265
Pair of sauce-boats, 1717	£257
R. L. Stevenson first edition	£215
Series of Kipling letters	£66
Letter by Charlotte Brontë, 1850	£64
1st edition Kipling's Kim, 1901	£42

THE GOOD EARTH

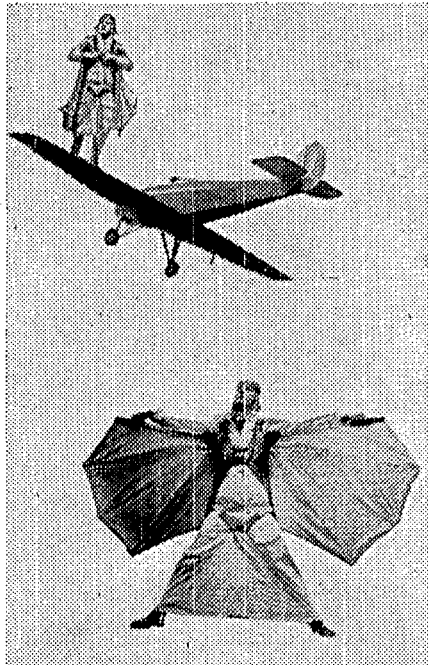
918 Years of Sowing and Reaping

Ever since Adam delved and Eve span there have been peasants to cling to the good earth which has nourished them.

In the year 1018, when Canute was taxing England to pay for his Danish fleet and adventurous Normans were settling near Naples, a peasant named Pierantoni took a piece of marshy land which nobody wanted near Urbino. He dug and drained it, his wife and children helping, and out of the swamp rose his holding in Montelabate.

His children and grandchildren to the thirtieth generation have followed in his footsteps, sowing and reaping and content, for 918 years. The Italian Government have given them the annual Fidelity to the Earth prize.

Theirs is not the only holding centuries old. Antonio Castellani, with his 19 children and grandchildren, is working on the farm at Querciola, near Florence, where his forefathers had spent 709 years of toil. A Perugian farmer had a family place passing from father to son or daughter since 1300, and other families could show a tenure of four or five centuries.



Clem Sohn, the bird-man, standing on the wing of his plane. Below he is seen with his wings extended.

THE MIRACLE OF TURIN

Faith Never Fails

Some ten years before George Muller opened his orphanage on Ashley Downs at Bristol Joseph Cottolengo in Italy was moved by the same sort of inspiration to found his Little House of Divine Providence in Turin. It had then four beds for the sick and the destitute; today it cares for 10,000.

Like the Ashley Down Orphanage, this institution has run for over a century on faith alone. A money-box at its front door is its only bank. There is no fixed income. Canon Cottolengo when he started this system, said "Faith will move mountains, and I have faith that Divine Providence will help me to keep my house open to the sick and the destitute."

It is a great satisfaction to think that George Muller, the Protestant, and Joseph Cottolengo, the Roman Catholic, were able to show forth the great truths of their faith in ways so similar, and that both demonstrations have in them the strength to survive their founders.

These parallel stories illustrate the old saying that Truth is a mountain whose summit we can all see, though we climb toward it by various paths.

SLEEPING OUT

No Need For It in London

We quoted the other day the remark of the chairman of the LCC that no one need sleep out in London.

Justification for that statement is now at hand in the figures furnished by the Council's census.

When the census was made 60 people were sleeping out on the Embankment and elsewhere, and at that time there were empty and awaiting the poor no fewer than 838 beds, 238 in the LCC casual wards and 600 in the shelters, refuges, and hostels of charitable organisations.

Whoever wants a clean free bed in London may have it. The fact is known (the authorities state) to all who seek the seats and other rests in public places; but the truth is that those who sleep out prefer to do so, and have no claim on public sympathy.

PENSIONS FOR PEACE

Should They Be Doubled?

Mr A. P. Herbert, in the House of Commons last week, suggested that the pensions of £1200 granted under the Act of 1837 to persons who had given distinguished service in the arts and science should be increased.

This country (he said) was barbarous in many ways, but especially in its attitude to the arts, literature, and science.

These tiny pensions were the only point at which the State recognised in a monetary sense the troubles of the world of art, thought, and medicine, and those who might have had misfortune after having done great service.

As this figure was fixed in 1837 it would be a graceful act, and one which his Majesty would perhaps appreciate, if as a kind of anniversary gesture next year this figure could be doubled.

JIMMY OF THE LCC

Thousands of London children will be sorry to hear that General Jimmy of the LCC has retired. No longer will he be there to marshal them at their next big meeting.

Mr Brentnall was christened Ernald James, but it was as Jimmy Brentnall that he was known at County Hall and as General Jimmy by the schoolchildren, for whenever there was a vast assembly of these children it was General Jimmy who looked after them. He would arrange for their collection, transportation, and order at the assembly, and then send them home, and it was his pride that of about a million children at one time or another under his care not one was lost or seriously hurt.

His last great occasion was the assembling of 70,000 children to see King George on his Jubilee drives.

123

42,122 foreigners visited Britain in the first three months of this year.

1,350,000 yards of cloth are bought by the LMS every year for making uniforms.

22,000,000 people are out of work in the world.

60,597,315 tons of shipping used the Port of London in the past twelve months.

106,800,000 pairs of artificial silk stockings are produced annually in Great Britain.

£4,000,000 is being spent by London Transport in modernising and rebuilding Underground stations.

THE OLD CLOCK STILL TICKING

We were boasting of our century-old watch the other day, but what of this? In the Kirghizian Museum at Sverdlovsk in Russia is a clock made 234 years ago which still keeps exact time. It also records the days of the month and the phases of the Moon.

WHEN WE GO BY TRAIN

What To Do With the Door

LEAVE IT TO THE PORTER

A railway passenger has lost his claim for damages against the company because he did not know the duties of the railway porter.

The county court judge told him what they were.

The porter must see that doors which swing open are shut before the train goes.

He must shut as many as he can while the train stands still.

He must slam the rest as it leaves the platform.

The railway passenger who was told these duties had unhappily undertaken the first of them himself, endeavouring to shut the door of his carriage as the train left. The door was slammed on his hand, and the judge's ruling was that the hand should not have been there.

That is no doubt good law, but we may all doubt its good sense. In a train of many doors, stopping for a brief interval at a station, there are often too many doors for one porter to shut in a ceremonious way. He is compelled to slam those left open as the train whisks by him, and has to be an agile man if he slams them all.

Automatic Doors Wanted

The passenger in a carriage with the door left swinging open has to decide whether to leave it open to dash against somebody or something at the next station or to close it at the risk of falling on the line while the train is moving. If, trying to avoid both these risks, he sensibly takes it on himself to close the door after him before the train leaves the platform he must take the consequences.

Something seems to be wrong, and it is probably the carriage door, often opened with difficulty by means of a filthy outside handle, and not always shut because the duty is too much for the porter. When the doors are opened by handles from within as well as without it is sometimes an athletic feat to make them work.

The remedy, slowly on its way, would be to make them all open and shut by themselves.

WINDSOR'S GARDEN OF REMEMBRANCE

A Jubilee Gift and a Memorial

Few among us would not like if we had the power to give our own private memorial to our lost friend, good and kindly King George. That privilege happily has come to Lord Wakefield, our universal benefactor.

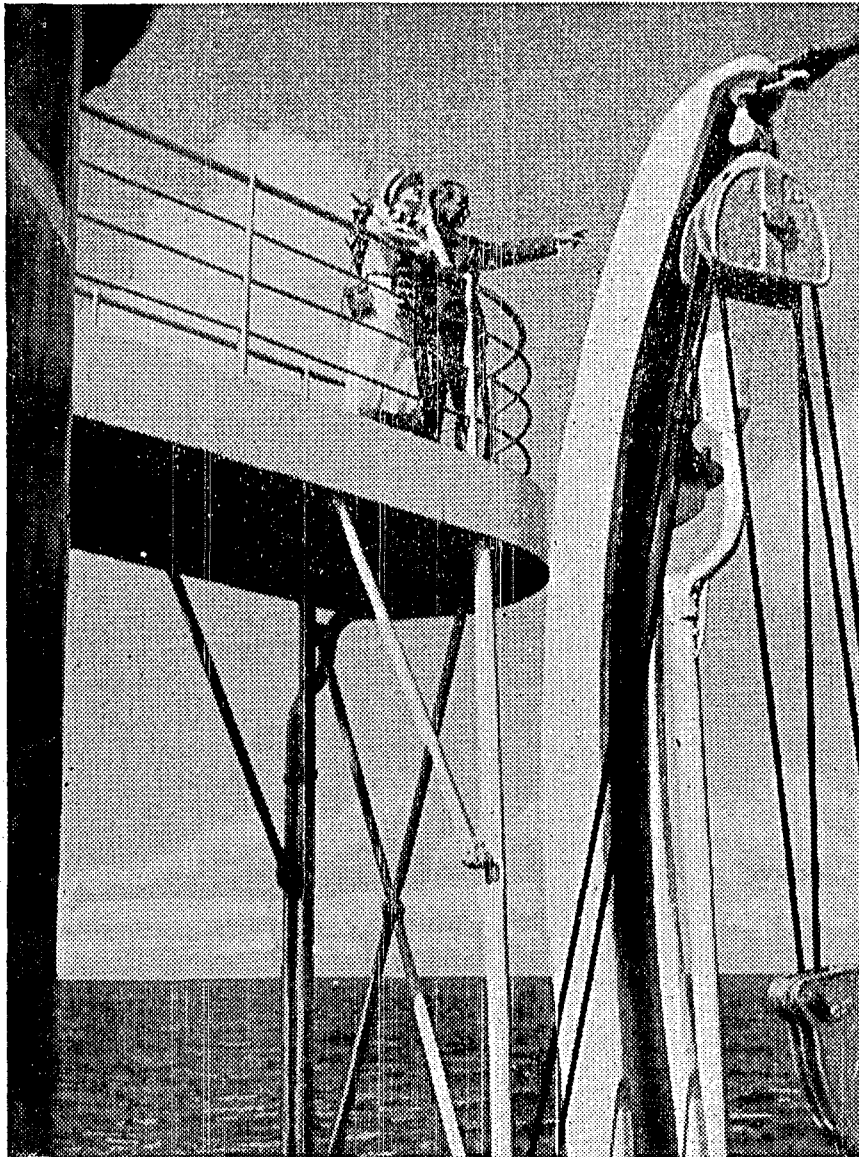
While King George was still among us, delighting in the welcome everyone gave to his Jubilee year, Lord Wakefield seized the opportunity to ask him to accept a plot of land near Windsor Castle as a Jubilee gift.

For years a brewery had stood on the site, blotting out a fine view of the Castle. When Lord Wakefield bought it up, asking that none but the King should know the giver, and Windsor people learned that the brewery was to go, everyone rejoiced.

King George decided to have it laid out as an open space, and was busy with the plans when, in the words of that sadly beautiful message heard by all the world, his life drew peacefully to its close.

King Edward is going on with the plans his father considered, and is said to hope that the space may be made into a Garden of Remembrance, with a statue of King George to complete it as Windsor's memorial.

Cruising in Sunlit Seas



THE GRAVEST PERIL OF THE ROAD

DRINK AND THE CAR

Foreman of a Jury Writes To the CN

A SERIOUS FAULT OF THE LAW

A correspondent, writing in reference to our remarks on drunken drivers, tells us of an experience he had a little while ago.

He was at a hotel on the Yorkshire moors when a drunken driver called with his car, had dinner and more drink, and went on his way driving.

A letter to The Times not long ago made the proposal that drivers convicted of any offence, whether drunk or not, should not be allowed to drive again until they have passed the test for learners. That would be some contribution to the solution of Mr Hore-Belisha's problem of testing of drivers.

A Birmingham correspondent writes that he notes with dismay the huge parking places that grow up round palatial modern publichouses. Seeing them filled with cars, he often wonders how they will all get home, and in what peril they put the cars and pedestrians they pass on the way.

What the Jury Should Do

We have also received a long letter from a reader who has been lately foreman on a jury at Quarter Sessions. He suggests that a matter has arisen which has become a problem of extreme urgency.

At present, he says, the charge of drunken driving is drawn up in such a way that the jury has to decide, not merely that the man is under the influence of drink, but whether he is drunk enough to make it dangerous for him to drive. That is to say, it frequently happens that the jury agree that the man is drunk, but differ about his fitness for driving.

Our correspondent declares that his experience on the jury moves him to suggest that the jury should decide only the fact of drunkenness and not whether the man is fit to drive. If the man is drunk it should be accepted that he is not fit to drive.

At present the jury hears the story of the police, of the doctor who applied tests to the man, and of counsel battling over the case. Such a jury is certain to have some members who do not drive, and so are ignorant of the effects of alcohol on a driver's mental faculties, of the slowing of his mind, of his loss of the sense of pace and distance, of the dangerous blurring of his sight, and his liability to collision. Then there are the dangerous jurors who say that driving becomes instinctive and is not to be impaired by alcohol; it has even been said on a jury that "the more drunk a man is the better he drives."

Stricter Medical Tests

The two questions of drunkenness and fitness to drive, our correspondent suggests, should no longer be left coupled for the jury's decision. The doctor or the magistrate alone should decide the question of fitness, and the jury the question of drunkenness.

The system of medical examination should be strengthened and regularised. All doctors should apply the same tests, fixed by law, carried out if desired in the presence of an independent doctor.

If this simple reform were effected we should have more proper verdicts from juries, and manslaughter, now common on our roads, would no longer go unpunished, with the perpetrators liberated to repeat their crimes.

The Record Office in Chancery Lane, whose hours of opening are perhaps the fewest of any museum in London, is now to open from one to four each weekday except Saturday.

Youth At Play



Happy Days—Little girls from the poorest parts of Manchester for a holiday by the Wood Street Mission. This season.



German boys and girls on

THE LAST OF 177 VETERANS OF OTHER DAYS

NEARLY 40 years ago Councillor H. S. Whitby of Nottingham heard that it was a pity poor old So-and-so should be in the workhouse after fighting so bravely in the Crimea.

Councillor Whitby did not agree. He thought it a disgrace, not a pity, and when he discovered that there were many Crimean and Indian Mutiny survivors living in want he determined to end the scandal. A Veterans Association was formed, and from that moment no Nottingham man who had served in those campaigns was allowed to suffer hardship or shame.

There were 177 people who were helped by the Association, including Mrs Ann Milne, who went to Scutari to nurse her husband after he was wounded, and met Florence Nightingale there. She died in 1908, and now there is only one left out of the 177.

With the passing of the veterans comes the closing of the Association work, and one of its last actions is to give the veterans a memorial. A window in St Mary's Church, Nottingham, has just been unveiled by the Lord-Lieutenant of the county. It commemorates the 176 veterans who died, and we believe the last survivor of these Nottingham-born veterans of the Crimea and the Mutiny came from Southwell to attend the unveiling ceremony.

The veterans have a memorial, and we think the Association deserves to be remembered also. It did a fine piece of work, and Nottingham should not forget how Lord Trent built bungalows on the banks of the Trent for those veterans who had no homes of their own. It was a great day when each man left the workhouse to sit by his own hearth and be his own master.

Three Freds in the Amazon Jungle

MISSIONARIES are among the bravest people in the world.

On the heels of the story of the long and painful captivity of Mr R. A. Bosshardt in the hands of Chinese communists comes another story of three British missionaries who a year ago plunged into the terrible jungle of the Amazon country in South America to preach the Gospel to a tribe of wild Indians known as the Kayapos.

No news has been heard of them since they left the last post of civilisation and took to their little canoe on the Riozinho River; and now two brother missionaries are following the same perilous route in search of them.

They will have to shoot dangerous rapids and carry their boat through the tropical forest, and meet wandering bands of wild and hostile Indians.

The three brave men whom their two brother missionaries are seeking are

known as the Three Freds, Fred Wright, an Irishman, with Fred Dawson and Fred Roberts, both Australians. They belong to the Unevangelised Fields Mission. They took with them on their journey a gun, which would enable them to procure food for themselves, some corrugated iron with which to protect themselves from attacks, and presents, like penknives, lengths of cloth, and so on, by which they hoped to win friendship.

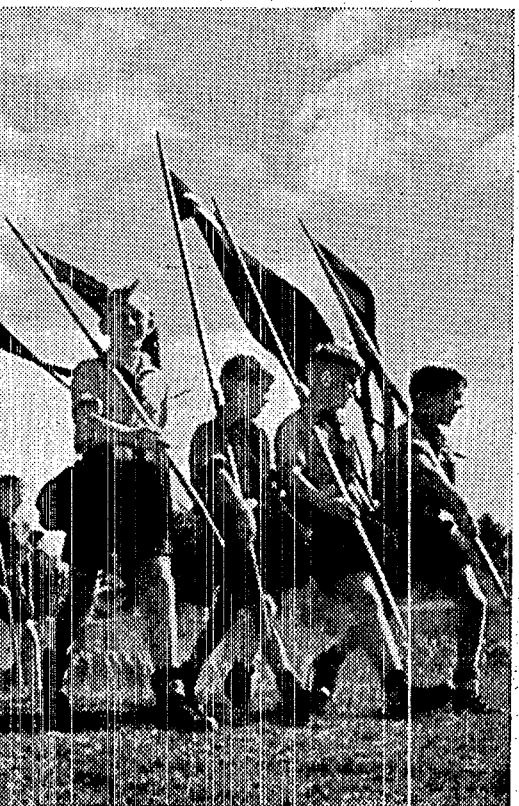
They did not know the language spoken by the Kayapo tribe, but they hoped to settle among them when they had made friends.

The two men who are now trying to find their three comrades are Mr Horace Banner, whose home is at Warrington, Lancashire, and Mr "Jock" Johnstone, a Scot from Glasgow. And their friends, and those of the three, are, as we write, anxiously waiting for news.

and On Parade



er and Salford who have been taken to Blackpool
100 children will visit the seaside holiday-home.



with banners flying.

VAITHFUL MEN AND LOVEN FRIENDS

The Speech of the Wessex Kings

COUNTIES MUST LOOK TO THEIR DIALECTS

The other night the Society of Dorset Men in London sent the King a Dorset greeting from their annual dinner, assuring him that "they be as ever thy vaithful men an' loven friends."

When the King's reply arrived they sat down and talked the language spoken by their ancestors when Wessex had its own kings. They are making efforts to preserve their ancient tongue, and the Archaeological Society is helping them by having gramophone records of it. Of course the language will never die so long as the poems of William Barnes and the novels of Thomas Hardy live.

But all these rich dialects, echoes of the various forms of English used in our land before the language became standardised, are confronted with a common danger: They are to general readers like the writings of Chaucer and Spenser: only scholars can read and enjoy them. Who but a Wessex man can grasp and appreciate the poetry of Barnes when he lapses into genuine Dorset? Who but a Northerner can seize on the tender beauties of Edwin Waugh, the Lancashire dialect poet?

A Serious Risk

The danger of writing dialect and obsolete English is that the appeal is made to a local audience of diminishing numbers, so that masterpieces may die. The risk is more serious than we commonly recognise, for, with Chaucer and Spenser, other immortals are threatened with neglect and oblivion.

Although Burns Night is celebrated regularly throughout the English-speaking world, a generation has arisen which cannot understand his poems in the Scottish vernacular.

The same danger applies to the incomparable novels of Scott. His raciest dialogue is in Lowland Scots, and the majority of English people find it beyond them.

So Dorset and Devon, Cornwall and Lancashire, Derbyshire, Yorkshire, and the rest of our northern counties may well look with anxiety to their dialects, wonder if the next age will revolt against their writings, and perhaps see that the music and whimsicality of their words are made clear by the use of footnotes.

A LITTLE BIT OF EDEN FOR THE NATION

The whole of the exquisite Rhaiadr Dhu waterfall and over 1000 acres close by have been bequeathed to the National Trust by Mr Campbell Blair, who 12 years ago presented half the waterfall to the Trust.

This waterfall of some 60 feet is on the River Camlan in the heart of wild Merionethshire. No visitor to Barmouth or Dolgelly fails to make a pilgrimage through the glens of these two rivers, and in future they will be able to climb the slopes of Y Garn, a mountain of over 2000 feet, and from it behold the grandeur of lonely Rhobell Fawr to the east, of rugged Cader Idris looming against the southern sky, and of that splendid range to the west behind which Harlech stands as guardian of the coast. In the immediate foreground lies the valley of the Eden, and Eden is an appropriate name indeed for so fair a natural scene.

THE CHEERY OLD GENTLEMAN OF WOODSTOCK

A friend of the C N has been to see a cheery old gentleman of Woodstock, near Oxford, who has worked for the Dukes of Marlborough for 55 years.

On an October day in 1880 a boy of 15 went down the long avenue which leads from a quiet Woodstock street to Blenheim Palace. Very proud and very nervous, he was taken to the rooms of the Duke's secretary. He was Joseph Hine, the new office boy.

A few weeks ago he closed the office door behind him, went back to the pleasant house in the still quiet street which has been his home for a generation. From office boy he had risen to be confidential secretary. Before the time for his retirement came he had worked under four Dukes—the seventh, eighth, ninth, and the reigning Duke. For 55 years he had passed daily through the park, its most familiar figure. Only on four occasions was he absent for a day, through ill-health.

It is no small matter to be confidential secretary to the head of a ducal domain. Mr Hine had an excellent memory, sound judgment, discretion, loyalty. He was the man for the work. When any difficult question arose, "Ask Hine," said the Duke, "he will know." When someone had forgotten what was done in the household 20 years ago, "Ask Mr Hine," said the servants, "he will know."

He became part of the great inherited past of Blenheim; his roots grew into the stones of the palace, so that, in the

real sense, he belonged. For half a century he has watched the leafing of oaks that were noble trees when the old palace, with its medieval foundations, was destroyed in 1704; he has watched grow toward maturity the saplings planted in affection and faith by the ninth Duke.

Amid the crowded memories of everyday work in the long session of his life Mr Hine remembers some vivid days. Political leaders came and went, great people in society came and went. In 1896 Edward the Seventh, who was then Prince of Wales, came with the "sea king's daughter from over the sea," beautiful Alexandra, to stay for a week, and the whole palace was thrown into an amazing, magnificent, and delightful upheaval which not the smallest scullery maid would have missed for worlds. Mr Hine, who was beginning to know everything, was very useful then.

Now he has retired and is going to cultivate his plots.

"I shall grow a good many flowers," said he, "but particularly sweet-peas. And I mean sweet-peas, not daisies. Now, this is the size a sweet-pea should be."

He took from a vase a daffodil measuring two feet from crown to heel.

"It will take some growing," he said, a twinkle in his eyes, "but I shall do it."

The C N wishes him many years of happiness and plenty of hard work in his garden, and the sweet-peas he loves, if not in one summer, the next.

Remember the Birds

THE men who have the control of parks and reserves in New Zealand have been meeting in conference, and one of the subjects discussed was how gardeners and farmers could help the birds in return for their help in keeping down insect pests.

They told how flowering blue gums had drawn birds during the winter to the district of Havelock North, miles from their usual haunts, for these trees provide food during the winter when most other honey-bearing trees and plants have nothing to offer birds or bees.

And then a man stood up in the conference and said that he himself had planted these flowering gum trees at Havelock North years ago, when there was not a native bird in the district. It is his pride and pleasure that now there are many, especially those lovely song birds the tuis, which appear on New Zealand's latest shilling stamp, while the fantail, which takes the

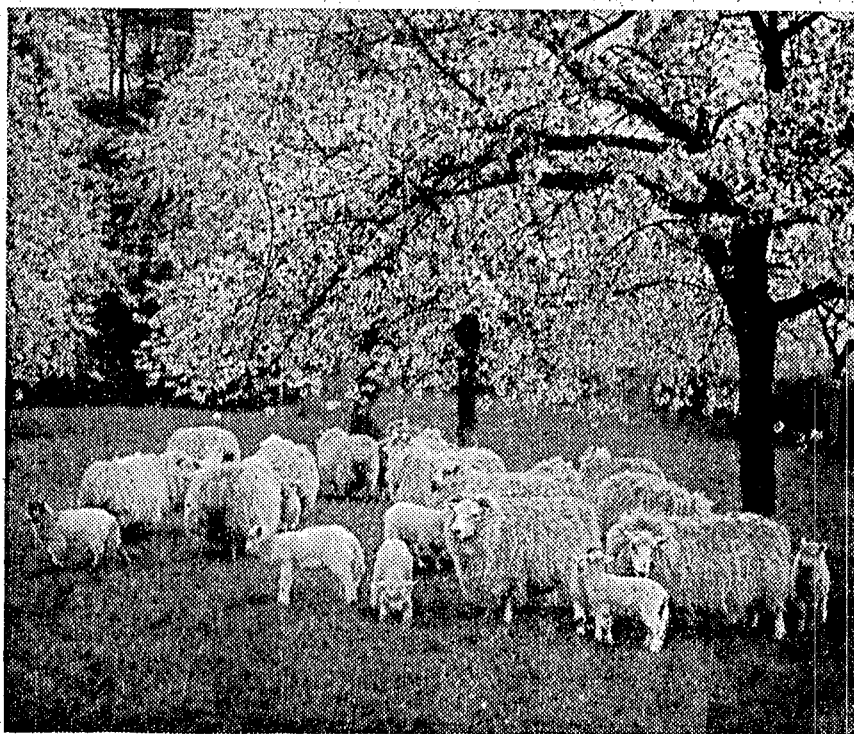
place out there of our house-martin and swallow, appears on the halfpenny stamp.

The outcome of the conference was the urging of farmers and gardeners to plant more of these bird-attracting trees, for they would find it worth their while to keep friends with the birds.

This reminds us that at the moment the wild cherries at Badby in Northants must be in flower. They flank the way through Badby Wood, planted by Lady Knightley specially for the birds, but lovely, too, for human eyes.

It would be a good thing if there were more of these natural ladders planted for the birds, and a still better thing if their natural nesting-places were not being uprooted so fast. Every time a farmer cuts down a hedge and puts up a railing in its place a host of small birds depart and a host of small insects buzz with joy—the birds to be mourned in due course and the insects in due course to become a pest.

Blossom Time in Oxfordshire



A LEAD TO ENGLAND RIPE FROM THE BOUGH

Fine Record of a
Great City

LIVERPOOL MARCHES ON

If Great Britain wants some opportunity for congratulation on pulling itself out of the worldwide depression it may look at Liverpool.

Liverpool was one of the distressed areas. It is recovering. During the period of depression it made the Gladstone Dock, costing £7,000,000, and finished the Mersey Tunnel, the longest underwater tunnel in the world, which cost another £7,000,000 and, with traffic approaching 200,000 vehicles a month, is paying its way.

Besides this a north-east Lancashire road 100 feet wide was opened, and, though the proudest buildings of the city are the two cathedrals, now rising daily, Liverpool may be no less proud of the housing schemes springing into being all round it.

Evidences of Recovery

All know Liverpool as the market-place of commerce by land and sea. It is becoming also a manufacturing town. Its Lord Mayor has just drawn up a prospectus of its activities. The Automatic Telephone Company employs 3000 men though it began with 10; the artificial silk industry has 4000; the newest rubber shoe factory another 4000. It is the biggest flour-milling centre of Europe. It grinds £6,000,000 worth a year of Empire wheat alone. Its sugar-refining business is still going upward.

So is the wage bill, which is the sign of the increase in wholesale and retail business. The tramways and the suburban railways are groaning under their daily load.

When business falls on the Mersey the whole country knows it, for Liverpool's commerce is an index of the country's prosperity. When it rises the whole country may take heart, for what Liverpool does today England can do tomorrow.

A HERO OF HEROES

The highest Carnegie award and the Edward Medal of the first class have been awarded to Ernest Reid Powell; but this so honoured man died nine months ago.

King George awarded him the Edward Medal, and he was a good judge of courage. The news of the Carnegie award comes now.

Ernest Powell was a Belfast man, aged 42. He was managing director of a business employing many women. Last summer fire broke out, and he helped most of the girls to safety. Then, to his horror, he saw faces at an upper window. Back he went into the smoke and flames, groped his way somehow upstairs, and reached the girls. One by one he led them to a window, where he helped them into the arms of firemen. Last of all he left the burning building himself. Two days later he died of his injuries; but he knew that he had saved 20 lives, and he was content.

A Few Words From Theophilus



Gathered 13,000 Miles
Away

Passion flower fruit fresh from the stalk, pears at the golden moment when they melt in the mouth, grape fruit and lemons bursting with juice are coming from Australia.

Nothing new in that, some will say. We know their apples, and our fruit shops are stocked all the winter with Cape peaches, plums, or nectarines, and the plunder of half the world's orchards. Our island so teems with the fruits in their season and out of it that England is like Tennyson's Isle of Fruits, in The Voyage of Maeldune, where:

*All round from the cliffs and the capes,
Purple or amber, dangled a hundred
fathom of grapes.
And the warm melon lay like a little
sun on the tawny sand,
And the fig ran up from the beach and
rioted over the land,
And the mountain arose like a jewelled
throne through the fragrant air,
Glowing with all-coloured plums and with
golden masses of pear.*

That was a poetic vision. Australia's new fruits are a scientific fact. They are put to sleep in Australia by a new method while they are perfectly ripe. In this blanketed sleep they pass from the temperate zone of the Antipodes, through the Tropics, to the temperate zone of the London Docks, and wake up as fresh as when they started on their journey of 13,000 miles.

The First Note of Triumph

The passion flower fruits sound the first note of triumph. In Australia they are common as gooseberries, and as firm skinned. Passion flower fruit and cream is a dish to set before a king. But though their skin is much tougher than that of a gooseberry it soon shrivels. In cold storage the passion flower fruit becomes a failure.

The new treatment keeps it fresh and smooth without and all glorious within. For the first time we can enjoy the Australian passion flower fruit in its habit as it lives.

This is the beginning. Soon we shall be adding Australian figs to our bill of fare; and some day, without doubt, all the soft fruits will come safely overseas. Plenty are in waiting, from pawpaws to egg fruit, though some of us who have travelled the world will still believe that there is no fruit like that of our own orchards and gardens.

SUMMER THUNDERSTORMS

The man who has made thunderstorms his hobby again asks the help of our readers, for he needs to know the date, time, and place of every summer thunderstorm.

Many of our readers are already keeping a watch for him; others who will kindly help should ask for a census form from Mr Morris Bower, Langley Terrace, Oakes, Huddersfield.

Sections of maps will also be issued to those who will record the exact positions of local damage for the Lightning Damage Survey.

ROPING THE MATTERHORN

The Engineer Takes
a Hand

Romance threatens to bring up the 9.15 to the Matterhorn.

In other words, a railway is to help the tourist to scale the dark peak, which 72 years ago was an unconquered giant of the Pennine Alps. It was ascended by the courage and tenacity of the same race of mountaineering men now banded to climb Everest. It is only half as high as the Himalayan Titan, though only 1000 feet lower than its brother Mont Blanc; but in its Victorian day it seemed equally defiant of man's effort to scale it.

The railway will make no bid for the summit, but will pause at the base of the pyramid rising from the Theodule Pass, where the Alpinist's real task begins. But it will enable a walker whose climbing has taken him no higher than Primrose Hill to survey the Matterhorn's grandeur close at hand and wonder how the old climbers like Charles Whymper and his guides got up the rest of the way with ice pick, axe, and rope.

The World's Highest Railway

The way up leads by road from Chatillon to Valtournache, and two years ago was extended so that motorcars could travel along it as far as Breuil, renamed Cervinia by the Italians. But next week the first stretch of a steel rope railway will be opened from Cervinia to the Maison plain, a rise of 1700 feet in a mile and a half.

Next summer a second section will go as far as the Theodule Pass, at the base of the dark, naked mass of the Matterhorn, though two summits, for climbers rather than walkers, intervene.

This section will end near the refuge of the Principe de Piemont, nearly 11,000 feet high, and 3400 feet below the Matterhorn's crest. The six miles of railway will be the highest and longest in the world. The completing third stretch will take the railway from the Theodule Pass to Zermatt.

This engineering feat cannot be described as a railway up the Matterhorn, though it reaches three-quarters of the way. The last quarter is the hardest, and strength, nerve, and courage will still be required to ascend it. But there is a pride of the engineer also which is no mean thing, when his task is considered in all its bearings.

GOING TO JERICO

People have been going to Jericho for at least 8000 years.

So declares Professor John Garstang of Liverpool University, who has been digging down through 17 of its layers of civilisation.

Jericho was a pleasant city to arrive at in those far-off days, for it was a market town of the men of the Stone Age. The professor has found the earliest forms of pottery, painted Neolithic fabrics, and flint implements, but the surprise was a sacred shrine with walls and floors intact, burnished red.

On an Unconventional Arrival



THE UNDYING FOLLY OF MAN

Rumour and the Mob

Those who tell us that human nature changes little during the ages find new support for their assertion in the latest example of mass folly from Madrid.

There the other day a rumour was set abroad that nuns had maliciously given poisoned sweets to children. Without inquiry an angry mob set fire to churches, convents, and convent schools, beat the nuns, and threatened a general strike as a protest against the action of the police in preventing the destruction of yet other beautiful old religious buildings in the capital.

Naturally there was not a word of truth in the absurd legends from which all this arose. What terrors of cruelty have sprung from baseless rumours of this kind! We have but to turn to Chaucer to see how in his day the Jews were persecuted on false reports, just as in Germany they are beggared today, exiled, and persecuted on the groundless accusation that they, and not the German army, lost the war.

Not less groundless were the stories out of which grew the Mutiny that might have cost us India in 1857. There was the widespread prophecy that British rule, which began in 1757, was to last for only a century, and the fallacious report that the cartridges for the new rifles served out to native troops were greased with fat of pork: abhorrent to Indian soldiers, who were led to believe that the ammunition was being distributed in order to destroy their caste.

CN POSTER STAMPS

British Railways Album as a
Holiday Guide

The beautiful Poster Stamps which are being given with the C N each week emphasise the attractiveness of many of Britain's seaside and inland resorts.

Readers who have been collecting the stamps and filling in the blank spaces in the British Railways Album given with the C N for March 28 will appreciate the beauty of this collection. They will also find the Album of considerable help now that the question of holidays has come up again.

The four stamps given this week enable 32 of the spaces to be filled. Four more stamps will appear with next week's C N. Please order your copy now.

QUEEN ELIZABETH TO THE EMPEROR OF ABYSSINIA

Somebody has been looking up a letter given by Queen Elizabeth to a certain Laurence Aldersey who wanted to explore Ethiopia.

It shows that even in those days that land of sorrowful history was a subject of curiosity. The letter begins:

To the Most Invincible and Puissant King of the Abassens, the Mighty Emperor of Aethiopia, the Higher and the Lower,

Elizabeth, by the Grace of God Queen of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, to the Most High and Mighty Emperor of Aethiopia, greeting.

She then commends Laurence Aldersey by name to the protection and help in his travels of the Emperor, and continues:

On the other hand ourselves shall take great solace and delight when the renown of your name shall be brought to us from the fountains of Nilus. Neither do we require any greater favour in this behalf than we are upon the like occasion most ready to grant unto the subjects of all princes travelling into our dominions.

JUPITER IS COMING

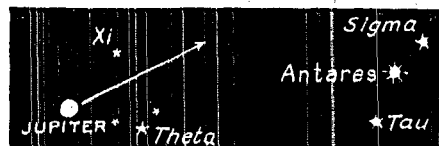
A Brilliant Planet For
Summer Evenings
HOW HE MAY ACCOUNT
FOR LOST WORLDS

By the G.N. Astronomer

Jupiter may now be seen low in the south-east sky soon after 11 o'clock, being much the brightest object in that region.

As he rises about half-an-hour earlier each week his presence will add greatly to the interest of the southern heavens during the summer.

This great world, 1312 times the size of our own and with 120 times more surface to explore, is passing in front of a region rich in stellar gems usually not



The present position and path of Jupiter during the next two months

easy to identify on account of their low altitude.

Now that we have such a brilliant guide in Jupiter we may, as opportunity offers, explore in some succeeding articles what is regarded as the finest and most densely massed stellar region in the Universe, that of Sagittarius and Scorpius.

Meanwhile let us consider Jupiter. He appears to be travelling toward the bright reddish star Antares, the largest known sun, which at present is to the right of Jupiter and actually is so immense that it would about fill the space between us and Jupiter at the present time.

Jupiter and Ceres

The path of Jupiter may be noted in our star-map, the arrow indicating the direction and extent of his progress during the next two months. At present he is about 408 million miles away and so much more than twice the distance of little Ceres, which, as described last week, was 160 million miles away and in the same region.

Now, Ceres would not be just where she is were it not for Jupiter. His influence on all those portions of a world that appears to have once existed is all-important; and it may be said that he holds the very existence of many of these fragments in the balance.

It is known that there are not at present enough of these little planetoids (or asteroids) to, compose a world as massive as ours, notwithstanding their vast number, yet one may reasonably wonder how many of their companions, through the long-past ages, may have been drawn too near to and engulfed by Jupiter.

A Sacrifice To Jupiter?

If Jupiter happened to be very near at the time and exerting his great gravitational pull, 318 times greater than that of our Earth, and if this pull was considerably increased by that of Saturn and Uranus, respectively 95 and nearly 15 times that of the Earth, but of course from a much greater distance, it would have been possible for a planetoid to be sacrificed to Jupiter in a celestial immolation such as might account for the otherwise mysterious Great Red Spot.

This vast area possesses characteristics which are best accounted for by this possibility; the elements of the four outer and tiny moonlets of Jupiter suggest also that they are captured planetoids which escaped being buried in Jupiter.

G. F. M.

To Mothers Everywhere

A celluloid toy may cost your child its life. Do not have it in your home

PETER PUCK SAVES

SIXPENCE

The Bus That Never
Comes

Peter Puck has been looking into his expenses.

He has decided that it is cheaper to go by taxi than by bus, the decision being in this wise.

He must travel from Fleet Street to Victoria, and the fare by bus is three-pence. By taxi it is 2s. Peter values his time rather moderately at 5s an hour.

Now, Peter must take Number 11, and day by day he stands in Fleet Street and Number 11 does not come. Number 6 comes fast and plenty. Number 15 runs up smiling. Number 60 is there when you want it. Buses by the dozen pass by, buses by the score pass by, and Eleven never comes.

And the other night Peter Puck, after waiting 25 minutes on the kerb in Fleet Street, decided that the cost of getting to Victoria stood like this:

Taxi	2s 0d
Bus fare .. .	3d
Bus-waiting time ..	2s 3d

So that the taxi has it, and Peter rides comfortably home with sixpence to give the dear taximan who is always where you want him.

PRACTICAL JOKE

We Are Not Amused

We walked into a London theatre the other night at the last moment, and were delighted to find two seats left in the back row of the Upper Circle.

The curtain rose as we sat down, and the next moment we rose too, for we could see nothing of the stage from the seats for which we had just paid 4s 9d each.

We stood all through the first act, and at the interval we went down to the box office. The man there seemed to be expecting us.

"You must be used to seeing people come back from those seats," we said.

"Yes, I am afraid I am; it happens most nights," said he.

"Then why on earth do you sell the seats?" we asked.

"Oh, I have to," he said, as he gave us a pass for one of the upper boxes where, if you hang over the edge, you can see half the stage quite well. As we could see half the stage we stayed there, for half a stage is better than none; but never again shall we be caught in this theatre not a hundred miles from Piccadilly Circus. Probably many of our readers have learned a similar lesson; but we are sorry for the thousands on whom the practical joke is still to be played of being sold a seat to see a show from which the show cannot be seen.

A TALE OF LEBANON CEDARS

Storied trees are in the news, cedars of Lebanon and the monkey puzzle.

As to the cedar, which first reached us in the reign of Charles the Second, the owner of Greatford Hall, near Grantham, publishes the glad tidings that, thanks possibly to the hot weather of recent summers, the great cedar in the grounds of his 16th-century home has seeded, and hundreds of young cedars have come to life under the parent tree. Thus from a single tree springs the possibility of a forest.

How cedars spread about the world is shown by another authority, who has just told us that when one of the three cedars given by the Duke of Richmond to the 18th-century gardens of Mill Hill School produced fertile cones in 1900, the cones were collected and preserved, and from them there have grown up a cedar in the grounds of Lord Winterstoke at Blagdon in Somerset, another at Philadelphia, a third at St Louis, and three more in the grounds of the school.

POST YOUR LITTER

For the sake of those who are doing their utmost to free the countryside from litter we give this picture of a Litter Post Box on a Kent hilltop.

It stands by a seat which has been placed for the public to rest on at the point which gives the finest view of the



Darent Valley, and on the seat are these words to interest those who come this way.

Good-neighbourhood to you.

This seat is here in the hope that you will enjoy the view and keep this place clean and beautiful for all who follow you.

Below is Eynsford, with the 800-year-old Castle Walls in the centre of the village, and the Church which has kept them company nearly all the time. To the right is the Darent Valley, with the Domed Beeches of Ide Hill in the centre of the skyline, perhaps the highest point of Kent.

The Litter Lout is truly outside the range of rhyme or reason, but perhaps nine times out of ten he puts his litter in the box instead of throwing it in the field; the tenth time the lout is a hog who does not care. Three louts have cut their initials on the seat in less than a year, but many hundreds have sat on the seat and left it clean and unspoiled for those who follow them.

LITTLE BLACK COOT

"I saw something the other day," said the man at the park lodge, "I never would have believed it."

"What was that?" we asked.

"Well, you see that there swan" (pointing to a lordly creature sailing on the lake); "I saw that swan attacked by a coot. It was backing away, frightened like, and the coot was going at it in such a rage that the swan kept on backing and backing."

"Fancy," he added, "just a dirty little black coot." And there was the same mixture of surprise and grudging admiration in his voice as we felt the swan must also have expressed when he told his mate of this episode. "Fancy, my dear," we feel sure he said, "it was just a dirty little black coot!"

MUSSOLINI'S SHIRT

Necessity has led an Italian professor to invent a process of extracting valuable textile fibre from the wood of the mulberry tree, so common in Italy. The fibre is said to be as good as cotton, and cheaply produced.

The fibre has been successfully used in weaving, and Mussolini himself wears a shirt of mulberry cloth.

THE BRAHMIN OF GREAT COURAGE

Defying Caste

INDIA CELEBRATES A CENTENARY

Progressive-minded people in India have been celebrating the centenary of the birth of a great reformer named Rama Krishna, remembered as a saint and prophet who rose at a dark period of India's religious history, when the priests held sway over the people.

Though a Brahmin priest himself, and obliged to attend to the various idols in the temple, Rama Krishna found that they gave him no satisfaction. The existence of caste dividing one section from another was to him a negation of true religion. Further, the bigotry among various religions was a matter of great sorrow.

Rama Krishna gave up his position as a Brahmin priest and went out and began to sweep the streets with his long hair in order to associate himself with the sweepers whose very shadow would defile a Brahmin. He even embraced Islam and then became a Christian, and later held that all religions ultimately lead to the contemplation of one God.

A Reformed Hinduism

The social gospel Rama Krishna preached in simplicity became the rule of life for many thousands when his great disciple Swami Vivekenanda shook the foundations of orthodoxy with his oratorical powers. He even went to Europe and America and won many disciples to a reformed and purified Hinduism which seeks to combine the contemplative life of the East and the Western spirit of service to humanity.

The Rama Krishna Mission, with eighty centres of social service in India, occupies the same place as a missionary society does in the Christian Church. India is going through great changes, and with her new social and political problems before her this society founded by Rama Krishna must play an increasingly important part.

THE SOLDIER'S MITE

An Orange and a Box
of Chocolates

Mr Tommy Atkins was walking along a street in Alexandria, peeling an orange as he went, for the day was hot and he was thirsty.

A wrinkled old beggar woman crouching at the side of the road pleaded for alms with her miserable black eyes.

He laughed and made signs to her that he had no money on him; but suddenly he remembered that, though his pockets were empty, his hands were not, and he bent down and gave her his half-peeled orange, then walked on with jaunty step hoping no one had seen.

But all the time he was being watched, and the next day cases and cases of oranges arrived at the barracks from Mohammed Mokbel Pasha, the Governor of Alexandria, who, having seen what Tommy Atkins had already forgotten, sent these oranges for the garrison to show his appreciation.

That was some time ago. Now Mokbel Pasha thinks even more kindly of the British troops in Egypt. He has sent to an Egyptian newspaper a letter headed, WANTED, A BRITISH OFFICER.

The officer he wants is the one who bought his small daughter a box of chocolates at the cinema, when all the boxes the attendant showed her were too much for her money. The officer was sitting next to the girl, and, seeing her disappointment, bought a box of chocolates for her. Mokbel Pasha wants to know his name so that he may thank him.

LET'S GO TO DEVON THIS YEAR, DADDY!

Year by year the allurements of Devonshire Beauty Spots for family holidays are more and more irresistible. . .

Think of Paignton—the popular family resort in Torbay—with its great stretches of fine sands; Woolacombe, with fascinating sand hills and low rocks with tiny pools, and a firm sandy beach; Dawlish and Teignmouth, with smooth sands and unequalled bathing; and Torquay, Plymouth, Ilfracombe, Brixham, Salcombe, etc., with innumerable attractions for all holiday-makers.

Get "Holiday Haunts," the wonderful G.W.R. Holiday Guide. On sale everywhere, price 6d.



MIND AND BODY

The Close Link Between Them

A GOOD MOVEMENT GROWS

A good movement is growing up in London under the forbidding name of the Institute of Medical Psychology.

The institute has a hostel for nervous disorders, which began in a small way in Bloomsbury 16 years ago, and now numbers so many patients that it is to rebuild the hostel as a hospital on a larger site.

The patients who go to the hostel, and who last year included 600 children, are those who suffer from the smaller disturbances of the nervous system, of which chorea, which used to be called St Vitus's dance, is typical. There are many others, greater and smaller than this, some classed by the doctors as common neuroses. One of the most eminent of the nerve doctors has declared that everybody has some slight nervous quirk.

The very slight ones do not matter, but in a town of London's millions there are many of these nervous cases which if not treated will grow into serious ones, handicapping young and old for their work in life. The new hospital in Store Street, Bloomsbury, will house the hostel's nervous patients and at some time have 100 beds for the serious cases.

It is to serve as a centre for that science of mental treatment which is becoming more and more important in medicine as doctors recognise the close connection between mind and body.

WHAT HAPPENED ON YOUR BIRTHDAY

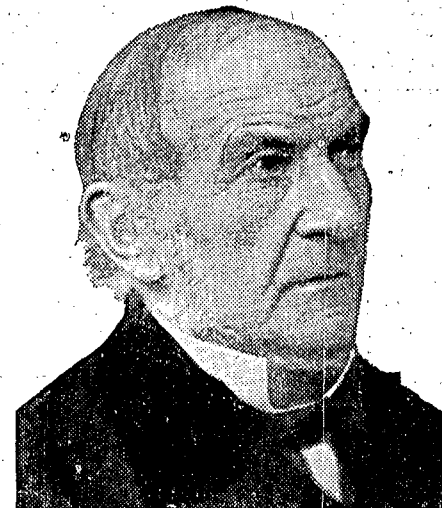
If it is Next Week

May 17. Dr Jenner born at Berkeley . . . 1749
18. Napoleon Bonaparte declared Emperor . . . 1804
19. Gladstone died at Hawarden . . . 1898
20. Columbus died at Valladolid . . . 1506
21. Alexander Pope born in London . . . 1688
22. Victor Hugo died in Paris . . . 1885
23. Savonarola burned at Florence . . . 1493

The Grand Old Man

William Ewart Gladstone was one of the giants of British parliamentary life, and he came to be known affectionately as the Grand Old Man.

From youth to old age he was busy in Parliament, and from first to last was



William Ewart Gladstone

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

In next Tuesday's Nature talk, The Story of the Hive, Mr Gaddum will describe the awakening of the beehive and its marvellous scenes of activity, including the massacre of the drones and the preparation for winter sleep.

Thursday's travel talk on Cambodia and Cochín China has been written by the most expert French geographer on this region; it is hoped the talk will be read in English by Monsieur Stéphan.

Many picturesque names have been given to Finland. One of them is The Land of Ten Thousand Lakes; another observer described it as "all water and Christmas trees." Mr Young spent some time in the country and has a thrilling tale to tell of a trip by boat down one of Finland's famous rapids.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 Hedges and Trees: by F. W. Costin. 2.30 Junior Concert Lesson—(a) Some simple Music of Schumann; (b) The French Horn.

TUESDAY, 11.30 Dictatorship: by K. C. Boswell. 2.5 The Story of the Hive: by C. C. Gaddum. 2.30 Dramatic Reading from Shakespeare's Richard II.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 Joan of Arc: by Rhoda Power. 2.30 Blood: by A. D. Peacock.

THURSDAY, 11.30 Cambodia and Cochín China—the Mekong Plain and Delta. 2.5 Moors and Dales of the North Riding: by Samuel Gott. 2.30 Australasia, The New World in the South: by Eileen Power.

FRIDAY, 2.5 The Lakeland of Southern Finland: by Ernest Young. 2.30 Senior Concert Lesson—(a) How the Sonata Form developed; (b) The French Horn. 3.0 Friday Story: under the direction of Frank Roscoe. 3.15 Friday Talk: under the direction of Frank Roscoe. 3.35 Young Africa: by the Rev A. G. Fraser, for many years principal of Achimota College, Gold Coast.

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.5 The Empire Overseas—The High Veldt: by D. C. D. Munro.

TUESDAY, 2.5 Scottish Minstrelsy—Peasant Life and Jollity: by A. C. MacKenzie.

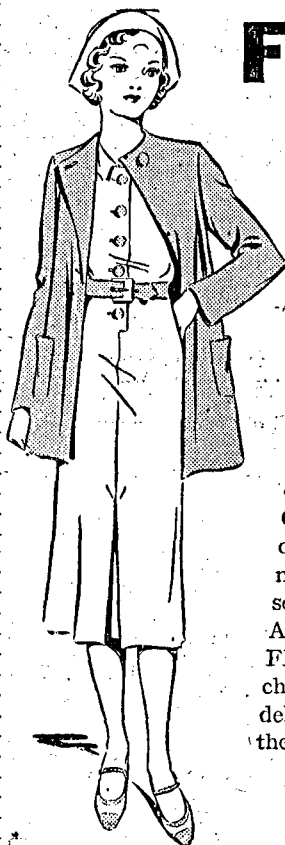
WEDNESDAY, 2.5 Makers of Scotland—Burns, the Last of the Makers: by Dr H. J. C. Grierson. 2.30 As National.

THURSDAY, 2.5 The Scottish Countryside—The Coast: by A. G. Ogilvie. 2.30 As National.

FRIDAY, 3.10 Wild Rabbits: by James Ritchie. 3.35 As National.

FREE Patterns

of these attractive Summer Designs



HERE are Summer fashions the bigger schoolgirl will love to wear. There are frocks of all kinds from the simplest washing dresses and sports suits to dainty creations for gay occasions. Charming designs—every one of them—with the newest fashion points presented in youthful mood. And every copy contains a FREE PATTERN for a charming ensemble of this delightful frock and one of the newest slip-on coats.



BESTWAY

Summer Fashions for Girls in Their Teens

Book No. 619

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gradually changing in the direction of trusting the people with more power.

Beginning as a stern Tory, he became a Conservative, a Whig, a Liberal, and at last almost a Radical; and as he changed, during more than sixty years of parliamentary life, he made hosts of new friends and new enemies. No man was more nearly worshipped on the one hand or more bitterly denounced on the other hand.

All that feeling has subsided now, and his countrymen see in Gladstone the wise statesman who quietly moulded the laws of his country to suit the changing needs of his time, and who would have prevented many difficulties of the future if his sage advice had been more fully followed.

He was also a great financier, perhaps the greatest England ever had, a superb orator, and a pure-minded Christian.

25 YEARS AGO

From the CN for May 1911

A Breakfast Party in the Frozen Wilds. A strange adventure has happened in the Antarctic regions, where Captain Scott is leading a party in search of the South Pole.

We had all hoped that Captain Scott would have a clear field to place the Union Jack on the spot we regard as the South Pole; but he has found a rival.

Landing at Cape Evans, they built a house and Scott set out on a land expedition. After their captain left the rest of the expedition set out exploring, and were astonished to see a ship in the Bay of Whales. It was the Fram, Captain Amundsen's vessel.

Our countrymen may have been disappointed to find their rivals already on the scene, but nothing but good-fellowship marked the meeting. The Englishmen breakfasted with their rivals, and the Norwegians took lunch with the new arrivals. Then they parted; the Englishmen returned to McMurdo Sound, where they left a message for Scott telling him of the meeting.

It is strange that we are reading this news quietly here while Scott, to whom it would be a great sensation, may know nothing about it. Whatever the outcome the race is bound to be very exciting, and it is by no means certain that we shall win.

TO THE CHILDREN OF THE WORLD

This Year's Peace Message ROUND THE WORLD ON GOODWILL DAY

For the fifteenth time the children of Wales are to send a Peace Message round the world. This is the message which will be broadcast by the B B C and most of the world stations on May 18, Goodwill Day.

Boys and girls of all the world, we, the boys and girls of Wales, greet you across land and sea.

We greet you, on this Goodwill Day, in the name of the explorers, the navigators, the pioneers of the centuries, who went out into the unknown, and who for us pushed back the boundaries of knowledge.

On ocean after ocean, in continent after continent, they laid bare the secrets, accepting hardship and danger because they were determined to find and never to yield. We rejoice in them all, those who conquered and those who are conquering the impossible.

Shall we in the same high spirit join in the noblest quest of all, the quest of peace among all peoples? And shall we today pledge ourselves afresh to this greatest adventure of all mankind?

By our friendship and by our courage we, too, will conquer.

PEDRO'S QUEST

8000 Miles of Sea Go By

Pedro the Cuban pigeon came on board at Havana to find a wife in an English port.

He was no gay adventurer at the beginning, for he seems to have crashed ingloriously against the wire stays of the C P liner Empress of Australia as the vessel started. Picked up from the deck, it was found that no bones were broken, and the cruisers made a pet of him.

The ship's carpenter fixed up a home for him in the chart-room, and Pedro saw 8000 miles of sea flit by as the ship crossed the Sargasso Sea and the Atlantic Ocean. The Canaries had no attraction for Pedro, but when he sighted England the stowaway flitted ashore. He had seen the dockyard pigeons, and as it was the merry month of May, when

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove
and even pigeons fall in love, Pedro took flight to seek a mate, and has now become a naturalised Briton.

A MESSAGE IN ADDIS ABABA

Out of the welter of Addis Ababa on the day of its fall came a mixture of the first word in barbarism and the last word in science.

The British and American Legations were only four miles apart, but were separated by a furious horde of rioters through whom no messenger could pass. They communicated with each other, but the wireless messages they exchanged had to be wirelessly from the U S Legation to Washington, then transmitted to London, and wirelessly from there to Sir Sidney Barton.

His messages to the besieged Americans had to travel the reverse way; 10,000 miles of wireless to compass four miles of broken road.

It is a world sadly out of joint when a miracle of this kind can be performed every day and nothing can be done to prevent a monstrous outrage on mankind.

THE TREASURE OF LIBERTY

The British and Americans are the free people of this Earth, treasuring their freedom and determined to maintain real liberty of thought and action.

The American Ambassador

ATLANTIC FLIERS

HINDENBURG BEGINS A NEW SERVICE

Four Nations and Their Four Types of Machines THE PROBLEMS

With 51 passengers (15 of them British) and 30,000 letters the German airship Hindenburg has made her first voyage across the Atlantic to North America in the record time of 61 hours 39 minutes.

The voyage is the beginning of a passenger service in which there will be eager competition in the future, and only time will prove whether the airship, which is lighter than air, or the aeroplane, which is better able to resist the tempests, will meet with most success in the Atlantic service.

Four nations are in the running at present—Germany, America, France, and Britain—and there are four types of machine. Complete success is nearer than many people suspect, for it is sometimes forgotten that already the North and South Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans have been crossed by air over a hundred times.

The Artificial Islands

The problem is above all one of weight (of carrying heavy loads for long distances), and this difficulty of distance has to be overcome in the planning of the machine, for the idea of establishing artificial islands for refuelling on the way has apparently been abandoned on account of the great difficulties in the use of such platforms during storms.

Let us compare the latest types of aircraft now being tried by various nations competing for air-traffic across the North Atlantic.

Germany has gained such confidence from the regular service of the Graf Zeppelin across the South Atlantic that she has pinned her entire faith in the lighter-than-air machine, and the Hindenburg is regarded as the forerunner of a regular line.

The Flying-Boats

Other nations, however, have been reluctant to make further trial of such fragile and expensive machines, preferring the speedier planes.

One of these is the French all-metal flying-boat the Lieutenant de Vaisseau Paris. This machine is 93 feet long and 27 feet high; its engines have 5000 h.p. and its weight unloaded is 37 tons. A normal load would be 30 passengers and eight crew. The average speed would be 160 miles an hour.

The Americans have proved the stability of their flying-boat by the success of the China Clipper in crossing the Pacific with a load of 51,000 pounds in cargo, and it is likely that machines of this type will soon be crossing the Atlantic.

Count Balbo three years ago showed in a spectacular way what a fleet of flying-boats could do. The rapid development of speed in these craft is helping to reduce the difficulties.

An English Idea

An English idea has proved the most original of all in meeting the weight problem, which has its most critical moment when the machine is taking off. Two machines are used, the heavily-laden seaplane which is to cross the ocean being placed on the back of a larger and more powerful flying-boat. When the flying-boat has reached the right height the seaplane is released from its back and goes safely on its way. A picture of this has already appeared in the C.N.

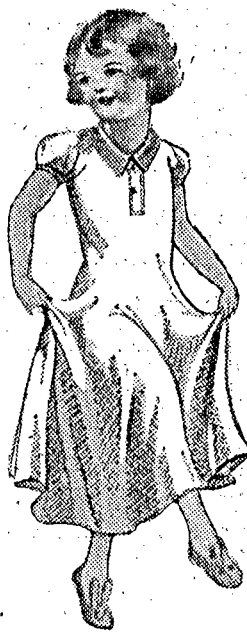
An American engineer, George Ardin of Tennessee, has adapted this idea to a combination of airship and aeroplane, the plane being carried aloft below the airship and set free from the dirigible high above the aerodrome.

Which type will win this Atlantic race is still uncertain, but we shall know before we are many months older.

I never have any bother with Mary's clothes—she wears Aertex day and night . . . yes, in the winter, too—a rather heavier weight of course . . . the doctor told me about it. Mary never seemed really strong, and he said the clothes she wore didn't give her a chance to resist colds and things . . . well, apparently the great point is to keep the body at an even temperature—and yet allow the skin to breathe—that's why he recommended Aertex . . . I should get Aertex for Keith if I were you—there are all sorts of styles for boys.



1083. Girl's night-dress in white lisle. The collar and small puffed sleeves are trimmed with colour—either pink, blue, green or canary. Made in all small-girl sizes. Prices 6/6 to 9/6.



A.1108. Girl's slip-on Bodice made in art-silk and cotton. All sizes for younger daughters. Prices from 2/11 to 3/11.

A.1084. Knickers to match with rib-finished leg. Prices 1/9 to 1/11.

Your garment is not Aertex unless it bears this label.



Q.C.A.2

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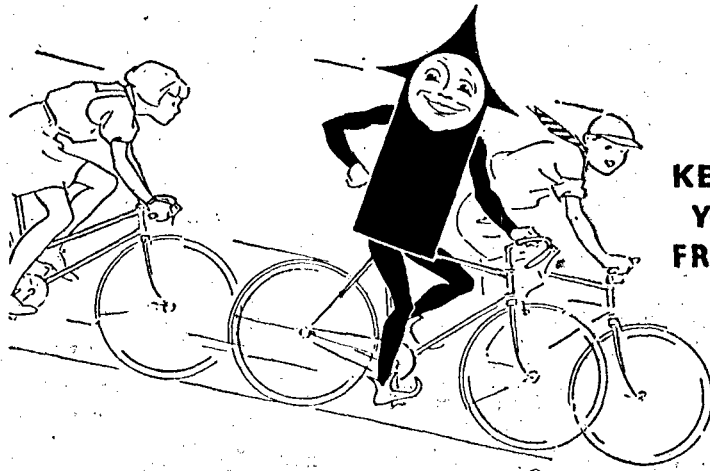
We consider this the finest offer we have ever made. It includes the largest "three-cornered" stamp yet issued; a ruled duplicate book in which is incorporated a perforation gauge; 36 different stamps, which include sets, modern and old issues, Bohemia, Australasians, pre-War Canada, and a genuine Greece (head of Hermes); also a packet of stamp hinges, gummed set Titles of Countries, and, finally, an invaluable pair of metal Stamp Tweezers. Send to-day 2d. postage, requesting approvals.

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You can enjoy the long coasts downhill
with
WRIGLEY'S
to help you up the other side!



KEEPS
YOU
FRESH



THE SLEUTH DETECTOR

A Wireless Story

By John Mowbray

CHAPTER 21

Flight

DAWN and the caravan were astir together, the dawn beginning to top the woods with its glimmer while the caravan threaded the road winding under their lee. For almost an hour now it had been under way, having pulled out of its meadow while the skies were still dimmed, with Toby in charge and Noel stretched, asleep, on his bunk.

But before allowing himself to fall asleep Noel had drawn a stout blue bulging envelope from the breast pocket of his "burglar's clobber," as Toby called it, and had slipped it carefully under his pillow. He had changed his clothes again to his suit of grey flannels and had thrown himself down.

So there with his head on that guarding pillow he lay, fast making up some of the sleep he had lost in the night.

The track now parted from the woodside and shelved to a valley, so intersected, bisected, and split by the river that the road itself could never keep straight for five minutes, being compelled to bend and twist and curl over little stone bridges with the waters underneath hurrying off to the sea.

The modest Ambrose was making the very best of this rugged road, with its vexing bridges and turns, that any four honest legs, broad back, and stout heart could have made of them.

Then the caravan gave a jolt rather worse than its others, so that Noel's head came up with a start and a cry. He was back on the side of his house still, he was losing his hold, he was falling from that fire-escape, down and down—

But he had only been tossed from the top of the bunk to the floor, where he sprawled for a moment, rubbing the back of his head. Then he sprang to his pillow, made sure of that bulging sealed envelope, restored it to his pocket, and went to join Toby.

But Toby did not wish to relinquish the reins. "No, Noel," said he, as the latter plumped down beside him, "I'll drive and you'll do the talking. You were so done in when you hared back last night and in such a hurry to break camp that I'm hanged if I could make much sense of your story."

Noel grinned, and patted the bulge in his pocket. "Well, old boy," he answered, "you understood, I suppose, that I shinned to the roof and took a squint through a skylight at Lench and a chap he called Noske?"

"Meg's muttering foreigner, you thought. Yes; go on."

"All right. After quarrelling a bit the foreigner shuffled off to bed, but Sir Pascal hung about for ages and ages."

"You must have been in a fix!"

"Not really," smiled Noel. "The wind was stinging my ears and I felt like an icicle, but I wasn't bothering, for I knew what I wanted. I just clung like a limpet till Lench switched the lights off and went, then I opened the skylight wide enough for my body, swung my legs, and dropped down into the room as lightly as a snowflake."

"You seem to have been enjoying yourself," Toby suggested. "But I've never seen a limpet turn into a snowflake."

"You would have done if you'd been there. Then out came my torch and I nipped round that drawing-office like a phantom. But phantoms can't open cupboards and drawers, Toby. I could."

"But didn't you feel a bit mingled?" Toby said gravely.

"Mingled? Oh, I see!" Noel let out a laugh. "But the limpet plus snowflake plus phantom got more mixed up still, for after they'd made a pile of some tables and a tall stool to squeeze themselves back through the skylight they turned into a fireman down the escape."

"And you weren't seen?"

Noel's voice changed. "Yes, I was. That's why I wanted to get off at once out of Sir Pascal's reach until—" He patted his pocket again. "Well, that comes presently. I had nearly reached the bottom when a lighted window flew open and a voice called out 'Who's there?' and Sir Pascal's face followed it. He saw me all right. But of course I was, down long before he could get to the door, and away I tore like the wind!"

"No limpet this time."

"Didn't I pelt, just! But, I say! How soon do we get to that village you mentioned?"

"We shan't be long; it's at the head of the pass. But you needn't worry, old man, no car can pursue us; you can see for yourself that a car wouldn't stand much chance here! So go and brew some hot tea and bring me a pannikin. Gee up, Ambrose, my warhorse," urged Toby, left to himself again.

CHAPTER 22

Cross-Examination

ON reaching the village they jogged as far as the inn, where first they stabled Ambrose and gave him his breakfast, then soon made a dish of grilled ham and eggs look ridiculous. Asking then for a sheet of paper and ink, Noel wrote a short letter, and, securing brown paper and string, he drew the strong, bulging envelope out of his pocket, wrapped it round with the paper and string, popped his letter inside, and, "Any sealing-wax hanging about?" he inquired.

The innkeeper's wife brought wax and lighted candle. "I'm told," he went on, as he sealed his package all over, "that one can register letters at your jolly old post office?"

"You can," she said, laughing. "It stands at the end of the street. But it won't be open till eight, and that's a good fifty minutes yet."

Noel addressed his sealed package. At eight to the tick he was waiting with Toby outside the post office door. At twenty minutes past eight its shutters went up. And now came more delay, as the lady in charge, after dusting down her counter and finding her spectacles, had much ado in hunting for the registration forms before they were brought to light at the back of a shelf—"Them dratted forms!" as she called them while she was searching. So it was close upon nine by her clock when Noel's business was finished.

"And now?" said Toby.

"As soon as Ambrose has had enough rest we are going back to Flash Lane as hard as we can. Oh, I'll fight the British lion fairly," laughed Noel. "I only skipped away to get out of Sir Pascal's reach while I did what I wanted to do. I wasn't trusting the post office, Toby, at Epton; Sir Pascal's far too much of the general boss there. And now I'm going straight back to tell him about it!"

"Then we might have come without the caravan, Noel!"

"Leave it behind us! With Stein on the rampage! Not likely! We've had one lesson, and we've got your wireless to think of."

"By George, yes! You're right. They'd have wrecked that."

But they were not bound for Flash Lane with the case they supposed, for, approaching the inn, their eyes met an unwelcome sight.

There were several men sitting on horseback in front of the inn. They had ridden fast, as their steeds' steaming nostrils denoted. There was one man, just sprung from his saddle, in talk with another, an elegant fellow upon a beautiful chestnut, with his riding-crop resting lightly across the mare's shoulders, and a glistening top-hat of the hunting field.

The man who had just dismounted was Sir Pascal Lench.

He raised a finger. "Listen!" he bade. "Here they come, Kitt."

The man on the chestnut turned with a sign to his grooms, who swung their horses round and closed upon Toby and Noel.

"Jump down, two of you fellows, and bring them along!"

"We can come by ourselves, thanks," growled Noel, and stepped forward with Toby.

Leaning down from his saddle, the man on the chestnut looked them over.

"Now, listen to me," he began in a deep, vibrant voice, and pointing his riding-crop at Noel as he spoke. "This won't do, you know; this really won't do, you young heathen! We can't have people breaking into our houses by night. Not in this country." He gaped in the brisk upland air. "And you've cost me the dickens and all of a ride," he complained, "when I ought to be taking my beauty sleep, blest if you haven't! However, give Sir Pascal his property back and tell him you're sorry and I'll do my best, 'pon my word I will, to forgive you."

Before Noel could answer Toby shot in a word. "Sir, you are Mr Kitt, the magistrate, aren't you?" he uttered.

"Deed I am! And the sooner your friend understands that the better! He doesn't want to find himself in—er—grave trouble. Now, you!" The crop pointed at Noel again. "Is that a bargain?"

Noel looked the man full in the face. "No, it's not, sir!" he answered.

After staring at Lench, who stood with his thin lips set tightly together, Mr Kitt restored his astonished attention to Noel.

"Now let's have this right," he burst out. "What is your name, lad?"

"It is Noel Barling, sir."

"Where do you hail from?"

JACKO MAKES THE PARTY GO

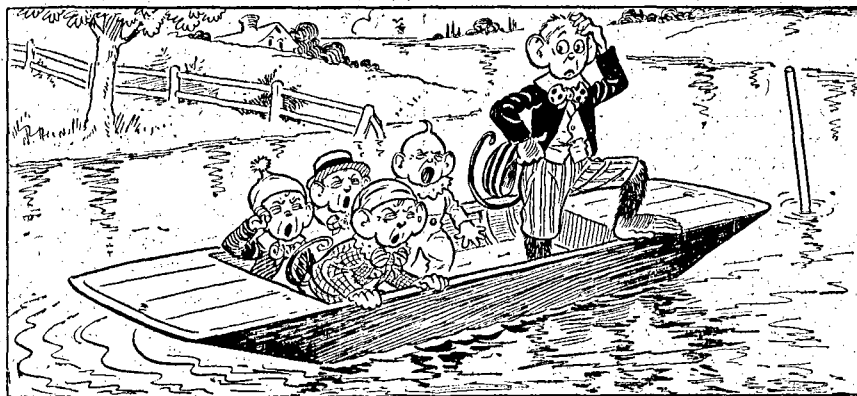
IT was Baby Jacko's birthday party. They were having a lovely time in the garden when Jacko had one of his bright ideas.

"Listen, youngsters!" he cried, when they were beginning to grow tired of games. "What do you say to a row on the river?"

It was a lovely afternoon. The water sparkled in the sunshine, and overhead the larks were singing their happiest.

"Coo! There's a kestrel!" exclaimed Jacko suddenly. "See how still it keeps!"

"Where? Where?" cried the children, jumping up.



Jacko stared in dismay. Now he'd done it!

They said it with a yell of delight. "All right," grinned Jacko, springing up. "Come on!"

With the little ones at his heels he scampered through the meadow at the bottom of the garden out on to the towpath beyond.

When they got to the boathouse it was empty; the man had evidently gone to his tea.

"Well, well," said Jacko. "We can settle up when we get back." (For surely Mother Jacko would pay—after all, he'd been told to amuse the kids.)

He chose a punt, ran it down to the water, and in they all scrambled.

"Sit still!" thundered Jacko. "You'll have the boat over." And, swooping down, he was just in time to save Baby from taking a header.

But in the excitement he let go of the pole! With a splash it fell in, and the punt floated gently away.

Jacko stared in dismay. Now he'd done it! What on earth was he to do?

Luckily for them all the boatman was watching through his glasses, and very soon they saw him coming out at full speed to their rescue.

Jacko had had a fright, and no mistake. And when Father got to hear of it he had another!

"From Singa Sing, sir." "Singa Sing! Where's that?" "It's the name of a house near Port Florence."

"And where in the world is Port Florence?"

"Sir, in Tanganyika."

"Oh, in Tanganyika, is it? Then all I can say, my lad, is that you have come a tidy step to set up in housebreaking."

"Yes, sir," Noel assented, suppressing a grin. He liked the looks of this elegant man on his beautiful mare, with his deep-pitched voice and the laughing eyes of a boy. And he was about to volunteer more when those deep tones broke in again.

"Where are you staying?" "With Mr Merritt, sir, at the Valley House, near to Allerton Bridge, sir."

"I know, I know. And what were you doing at Epton?"

"Sir, I went there to be nearer Sir Pascal Lench."

Mr Kitt looked more puzzled than ever. "Well, Noel Barling of What's-his-name near Port Florence," he rapped out at last, "are you or are you not the abandoned rascal who broke into The Towers at Epton last night through a skylight?"

"Yes, I did break in, sir," said Noel.

"You did, did you?" roared Mr Kitt. "Tell me this, then, as well: did Sir Pascal catch a glimpse of you, just too late, and then, rushing up to his drawing-office or somewhere, did he find that some valuable papers had disappeared from a locked drawer?"

"Sir, am I to answer all that question?" sighed Noel.

"Every word of it."

"Then if you please, sir," Noel responded, smiling a little. "I can't tell you about Sir Pascal rushing upstairs, because I was flattened against the wall like a fly, sir. I was on the fire-escape."

"The dickens you were! Well, and what do you say to the papers and the locked drawer?"

"Suppose, sir," said Noel, and he screwed up his face most inquiringly, "suppose somebody forced your locked writing-desk. Would that be fair?"

"I haven't a writing-desk," laughed Mr Kitt, who appeared to be finding some entertainment in Noel. He laughed again. Then he shook his amusement away.

"Answer! Did you force that drawer and purloin those papers?"

"Yes," said Noel.

"My goodness! And what have you done with them?"

"Oh," said Noel, "I suppose you thought I was running away with them?"

"Sir Pascal did. That's why he fetched me out of my bed."

"Well, I was, sir," said Noel. "But only as far as a post office."

"A post office?" "Yes. The one here, sir. I've just sent them off."

"Back to Sir Pascal?"

"Oh, no, sir."

This broke the steely silence Sir Pascal had kept. He sprang forward eagerly. "Quick, now; quick, Kitt!" he screamed. "If we make haste we can recover them from the post office. At Epton I—" He frowned and cut the rest off, at the scandalised expression on his friend's face.

"My dear Lench, we can't interfere with His Majesty's mails!"

Sir Pascal shrugged. "If we can't, we can't," he said sourly. Then began to consult in an undertone with the magistrate, which gave Toby the chance to utter a whisper to Noel. "Good man!" he whispered. "I knew those were your uncle's papers. I knew they were in that envelope. Jolly good business!"

"Yes, I thought you'd think that," Noel returned, with a queer little smile. "But I never found a vestige of Uncle Dick's papers. I guess Sir Pascal has shut them up in a safe. So on the principle of a fair exchange being no robbery, I priggled that fat blue envelope marked VERY PRIVATE, which showed me that the papers inside must be valuable."

This staggered Toby. Then he gasped, "Did you open it?"

"The envelope? No, of course not. You could see that yourself while I was wrapping it up to send off. And my letter was to my uncle's bankers in London, just asking them to stick to it till I wanted it."

"Oh, you corker!" breathed Toby.

There rose the sound of a drumming and throbbing, which changed to a laboured *chug-chug* and the honk of a horn as a motor-cycle came into sight round the bend. It bore down on them; it pulled up. Its rider, in a son'-wester and oilskins, slipped off and pushed boldly through the fringe of grooms and their horses.

It was Meg.

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Anagram Puzzle

THERE are four words, composed of the same four letters in different order, to the meanings of which the following are clues:

1. Any period.
2. Send forth.
3. Anything very small.
4. A separate particular.

Answer next week

Tit For Tat

SOME students were gathered about the entrance to their college as a boy passed by leading a donkey.

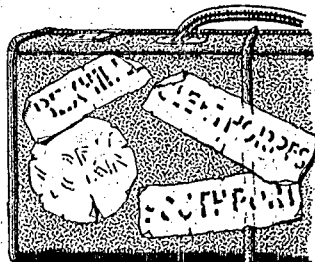
"Why are you holding on so tightly to your brother?" asked one of the students.

"So that he won't join your college," answered the boy quietly.

This Week in Nature

THE great bat, or noctule, is now on the wing. Its length is only three inches, but it has a wing spread of 13 inches or more. It is a tree-haunting bat, and in winter can be found in hollow trees as well as under roofs and eaves of houses. A broad muzzle and strong jaws enable it to kill and eat its favourite food of cockchafer and fernchafers.

What Places Are These?



ON these very tattered labels are the names of four places for which Poster Stamps will be given away with next week's C.N. Can you see what they are?

Answer next week

Unselfish

GEORGE was taught to go shares with his brother; But once when he said to his mother, "You gave me a smack, So I gave one to Jack," She immediately gave him another.

Lake in a Crater

LAKE TANA, which has been in the news lately, lies in an extinct volcanic crater on a plateau 6000 feet high about 25 miles south of the town of Gondar, and covers an area of nearly 1000 square miles. From this lake flows the Blue Nile, a tributary of the White Nile, the principal source of water supply to Egypt and the Sudan.

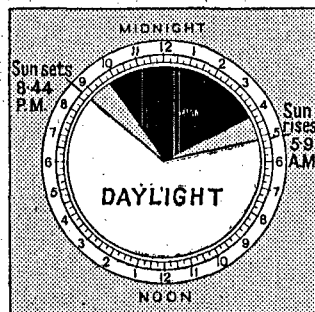
The heavy rains, due in a few weeks, cause the lake to overflow. The flood water spreads over the thirsty Nile valley, carrying with it vast quantities of valuable silt.

Rebus

To half a dozen add half a score, Then you will plainly see Just twenty, neither less nor more; Explain this mystery.

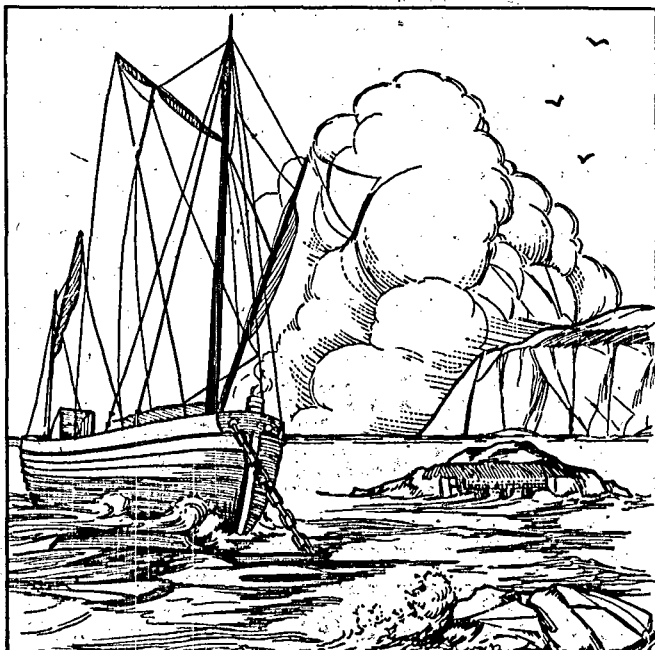
Answer next week

Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness on May 16. The daylight is now getting longer each day.

Can You Find the Boats?



IN addition to the large sailing vessel there are 14 boats of various types hidden in this picture. Can you find them?

When All the World is Inhabited

THE world has not been thoroughly explored and uninhabited places are still shown on the map. But these places will be inhabited within the next 150 years.

Scientists reckon that when those years have passed the population of the world will be six thousand millions, three times more people than there are now, and that all land will be inhabited.

Puzzle Proverb

CAN you read this well-known proverb?

DOWN TOOTH ERS A SY
OUW OULD BED ONE BY

Answer next week

Idi On Parle Français



Un avion La fenêtre Le nuage
aéroplane window cloud

"Regardez par la fenêtre. Que voyez-vous?" "Un avion volant parmi les nuages."

"Look through the window. What do you see?" "An aeroplane flying among the clouds."

Escape

HE was telling the company tales of his travels.

"There was the lion," he said, "and here was I. Just over there was a solitary tree. I dashed toward it, but as I approached I realised that the lowest branch was quite twenty feet from the ground, so I jumped for it."

"And did you reach it?" queried a listener.

"I missed it going up," said the traveller, "but I grabbed it as I came down."

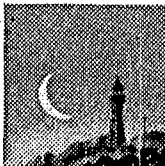
Ancient Razor Blades

DOUBLE-EDGED blades are used in many modern safety razors, and it comes as a surprise to know that razor blades with two cutting edges were in use 6000 years ago.

This fact came to light when excavations at Tepe Gawra in Iraq were being made by an expedition from the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania. The razor blades were made of obsidian, a natural volcanic glass. Curiously enough this substance cannot be found at Tepe Gawra, and it is thought that the people of that town carried on a trade with Armenia, where the blades evidently came from.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Mercury is low in the West, Neptune is in the South-West, and Jupiter low in the South-East toward midnight. In the morning Saturn is in the East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 a.m. on Monday, May 18.



Puzzle Birds

DO you know what birds are represented by the following?

The bird beloved by Eve.
A famous English architect.
What we all do at meals.
A plaything.
A warm country.
An appliance to raise heavy weights.

Answer next week

Trees 3000 Years Old

THE oldest living things on the American Continent are the Sequoia trees in Yosemite National Park. They are more than 3000 years old, 200 feet high, and 70 feet round the base of the trunk.

Figuratively Speaking



LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

A Race Against Time. The motorist could not do it, for if he made the whole trip at 60 mph it would take the same time as half the journey at 30 m.p.h.; and this time has already been expended.

Hidden Places: Torquay, Paignton, Chester, Poole.

A Word-Making Picture Puzzle. Fear, f-ace, f-lake, f-ledge, f-rock, f-lame, f-right, f-end, f-owl, f-rail, f-rank, f-eel, f-light, f-arm, f-lock, f-actor.

Transposition. Evil, live.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

D	R	A	M	B	E	S	E	T	A	C	H	E
R	U	B	H	A	L	C	Y	O	N	R	O	D
U	N	I	T	E	F	I	E	E	V	A	D	E
M	D	O	M	E	O	S	T	E	M	N		
M	P	E	N	M	A	N	S	E	A	P	T	
L	E	E	M	I	R	T	A	L	L	A	T	
O	A	R	I	T	E	R	A	R	E			
B	L	E	N	D	A	I	R	E	L	A	T	E

Five-Minute Story

John's Aeroplane

JOHN was trying to break records with his new aeroplane in the garden.

It was a fine little model, a birthday present from Daddy, and John was delighted with it.

He knew that he must not let it go over the hedge. On the other side of this was the greenhouse and garden belonging to the Colonel, who was a very fierce old gentleman.

Sometimes John crept into a hole at the bottom of the hedge and looked through into the other garden, which seemed a much more exciting one than his own. He had no hope of ever playing in it, however, because he was terribly afraid of the old gentleman.

On this bright spring morning he wanted to make his aeroplane fly from the summerhouse to the apple tree, which was a very long way. He twisted the elastic until he was red in the face, and then, before he could stop it, the aeroplane flew right out of his aching fingers.

To his horror it went straight toward the Colonel's greenhouse! There was a crash, followed by an angry voice.

John was frightened, but instead of running away he went to the hole in the hedge, intending to explain how sorry he was.

He wriggled through far enough to see that the Colonel was picking up his aeroplane and looking at it very carefully. After turning it round a few times he twisted the elastic and let go, making the aeroplane fly a little way. He seemed to like it, for he went after it, picked it up, and tried again and again.

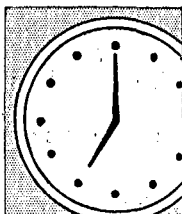
John was still in his hole, but now he was wriggling with excitement, for the Colonel was making the aeroplane go longer and longer flights, far longer than John had dreamt possible. At last, after one great flight, John was so excited that he forgot where he was, and shouted "Hurrah!"

The Colonel looked up, surprised, and then came and pulled him out of the hedge.

John was frightened, until he saw a merry twinkle in the Colonel's eye and heard him laugh. "This yours?" he asked. "Well, well! Great fun, isn't it?"

Five minutes later they were trying, in turns, to see if they could fly the aeroplane over the tallest tree in the garden.

They did at last. And ever since then they have been firm friends, and John now plays in the Colonel's garden whenever he likes.



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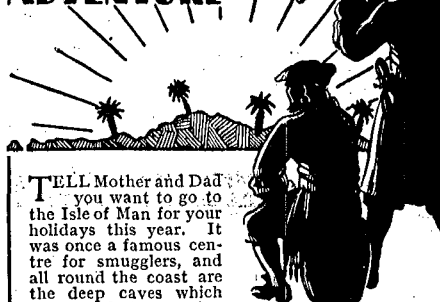
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